

Confusion on the Hudson—Robert Bendiner

THE *Nation*

September 3, 1949

I GOT INTO SPAIN

The Story of a Perilous Mission

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

✱

Our Failure in China

A Critique of the White Paper

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

✱

Behind Jurisdictional Strikes

BY SID LENS

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

FROM PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S OFF-THE-CUFF remarks to the Democratic National Committee it is evident that he thinks the pattern fixed by his party last November is here to stay. He is proud of the fact that the Democrats won "without New York, without the industrial East, and without the Solid South"—prouder of that, he said, than of anything that had ever happened to him. What it means, in the President's view, is that "the Democratic Party is a national party, not a section party any more. The tail no longer wags the dog." What gave point to Mr. Truman's words is that they were uttered just after the committeemen, meeting for the first time since the election, had rejected the credentials of the party's Dixiecrat members and expunged their names from the books. And what gave them added point was the extreme docility of the states' righters in the face of this punitive approach. All four of the Dixiecrat states—Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana—contested the ousting of their committeemen, but none showed enthusiasm for the fight. Governor Strom Thurmond himself quietly resigned as South Carolina's national committeeman, and the state machine replaced him with Senator Maybank, who had gone along with Truman last fall. In the light of this mild reaction, the moment would seem to have arrived for the President to take a firm line with the Southerners on the Hill. There were suggestions in his speech that he would do just that before he was through with the Eighty-first Congress. And if that didn't work, he would bring into the Eighty-second more of those "distinguished young Congressmen and Senators" who rode to unexpected victory with him last fall. The President will either follow through, quickly and vigorously, as far as this Congress is concerned, or expose himself to the charge that he regards formal support on Election Day as the acid test of loyalty, with subsequent adherence to the party program purely secondary.

★

THE FINAL DAYS OF AUGUST STILL FIND the Senate mulling over appropriation bills for the fiscal year which began last July 1. When it eventually passes the bills, the House and Senate conferees will have to come to an agreement on them, and the conference

reports will have to be passed by both chambers. In the meantime the heads of government agencies cannot lay final plans for their activities during the year which began two months ago; many government employees do not know whether they will retain their jobs. The effect on morale may be imagined. Even funds for day-to-day activities have been at times uncertain. Emergency and interim appropriations have enabled government to continue while the Senate sat alone with its thoughts; a short time ago the House tried to force the Senate to act by refusing to pass any more such emergency measures. But a compromise was patched up, since a breakdown of government would otherwise have ensued. Then the House voted to go home for a month until the Senate caught up, but the Senators would not let it. All this springs from the strange and inefficient practice of budget-making by Congress. Few other governments, and certainly no responsible business concern, could tolerate such a procedure. This republic fortunately is rich and solid enough to survive almost anything the Senate may or may not do, but our national housekeeping could be in better hands.

★

J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO HAS WRITTEN AN exciting story about his recent hazardous trip into Spain with a Republican friend. But in describing their brush with the Franco police and their fantastic escape he neglected to mention several pertinent facts. One is that among the exiled Republican leaders none is more hated or better known by the Franco authorities than Del Vayo. His name and picture appear constantly in the Franco press, and it is almost a miracle that the police chief of the locality where he was caught failed to recognize him. Another is that he was tried in absentia and condemned to death after Franco came to power. Had he not succeeded in bluffing his way out of the police headquarters, he would certainly have been executed as soon as his identity became known. We dare not say that our colleague's visit to Spain was unjustified. Its value to the Republican cause may turn out to have been worth the risk; that remains to be seen. What is beyond doubt is that he escaped death only through his coolness and quick wit supported by a large element of plain luck. We should like very much to know what becomes of the gullible chief of police when this story is cabled back to Madrid by Franco's embassy in Washington.

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SECRETARY OF DEFENSE LOUIS JOHNSON'S economy program will, he says, cut defense costs \$200,000,000 in the first year and later will result in an annual saving of \$500,000,000. Unfortunately it will also result in losses of 135,000 civilian jobs and will release 12,073 reserve officers from active duty in a period of unemployment. This poses a dilemma: should we sacrifice economy and efficiency in the armed forces just to keep down the total of jobless? Secretary Johnson says no; he will not tolerate "a defense W. P. A." This position seems to us unassailable; no nation could fall into a more dangerous error than to utilize an otherwise unnecessary expansion of its military establishment solely in order to prevent unemployment. It does not follow that the government as a whole ought to spend less during a recession, or should have no concern about maintaining high employment. There are plenty of useful and constructive projects awaiting the necessary appropriations and man-power. The meaning of unemployment is that we have a reserve of labor which should be utilized to increase national wealth and welfare. To employ it where it is not needed is to deprive everyone concerned of the benefits which would arise from its proper application. To overstaff the military forces is to aggravate the inevitable burden of devoting our resources to destruction.

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THE WIRE SERVICES MADE SOMETHING OF a hero last month of a sheriff in Lake County, Florida, who, unarmed, was reported to have dissuaded a lynch mob from taking out of his custody two of four Negroes suspected of raping a white woman. True, the wire services added, the incident was followed by rioting in and around the town of Groveland, but none of the community's 400 Negroes had been hurt because conscientious whites had moved them out of town on trucks. When Terence McCarthy, a British economist with a special interest in the South, went to Groveland for the *New Leader* to verify the story, this is what he found. Far from receiving protection, Groveland's Negroes had hidden in swamps and woods for three nights while white marauders burned and shot up their homes, stores, and restaurants. The sheriff's heroism smacks of a deal: security of the prisoners in exchange for free reign to terrorists beyond the confines of the jail. According to sworn affidavits in McCarthy's possession, the sheriff has for years insured a cheap labor supply for the region's citrus fields and packing plants by arresting, beating up, and jailing Negroes who fail to show up for work, Mondays through Saturdays. McCarthy makes it clear that the real root of the "disorders" is not a rape that may or may not have occurred but the anger of Lake County whites—and whites in central Florida generally—over the attempts of a few Negroes to raise themselves

out of peonage and into the ranks of private farmers. He also learned that the local press had crusaded for "justice" before the details of the "crime" were publicly known and warned "outside" lawyers to steer clear unless they wanted to "bring suffering to many innocent Negroes." Finally, he writes, the three captured "suspects" have been cruelly tortured, and the fourth, a man resented for his college education, killed by a posse. Trial of the survivors is scheduled for this week. Trial of their white "superiors" is not scheduled at all.

✱

THE W. C. T. U. HAS PROMULGATED A NEW view of history which should have a sobering effect not only on historians but on history itself—and certainly history itself, from the way it has been acting, has had a good many more than one too many. According to Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the W. C. T. U., which recently held a convention, "drinking by United States officials at the Yalta and Potsdam conferences was greatly responsible for concessions made to the Soviets during the talks." She went on to reveal that the Russians, on the other hand, while they seemed to be drinking great quantities of vodka, were doing nothing of the sort. "We have learned since," she said, "that Stalin and the Soviets outwit the representatives of other nations by plying them with vodka while the Russians drink water from vodka bottles." The Russians, it would seem, during diplomatic sessions at least, are not only totalitarians but teetotalitarians (not to be confused with Titotalitarians). Later in the convention H. Cecil Heath of the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance, pursuing the alcoholic interpretation of history, asserted that "the Germans used alcohol as a means to undermine French resistance" and that this was the "chief cause of the moral collapse of the French army." We see it all now. Napoleon was defeated by Moscow Mules, while the Russians, then as now, drank water. General Lee was no doubt done in by mint juleps, while that stuff that U. S. Grant is reputed to have been fond of was nothing but cold tea.

✱

RUSSELL JANNEY, THE TALKING JUROR, WILL provide one more headache for the higher courts if the eleven Communist leaders now on trial are convicted—if, indeed, their trial ever comes to an end. According to the sworn word of one Carol Nathanson, Mr. Janney, author and theatrical producer, has been freely discussing the case with her, revealing a bias against the defendants which their lawyers consider strong enough to warrant a mistrial. In addition, they have produced a speech delivered by Janney less than a month before he was sworn in as a juror in which he expressed such views as "we're already fighting a war with communism and it should be a fight to the death." Judge Medina has

dismissed the motions for a mistrial and for replacing Janney with an alternate juror, evidently feeling that in spite of Janney's political bias he could be taken at his word when he swore that he had no such prejudice as would prevent him from reaching a verdict "solely on the evidence." To some extent Miss Nathanson's notes, offered in evidence, themselves lend support to this conclusion. They quote Mr. Janney as saying that "It isn't whether we like Communists or not—just, is this charge true or isn't it?" It is hard to deny, moreover, that unless the court were to draw on homes for the feeble-minded, it might take forever to recruit twelve jurors who were neither for communism nor against it. What is plain is that Mr. Janney violated the injunction of the court against discussing the case. And what is almost as plain is that Miss Nathanson, according to her own memorandum and for reasons only to be surmised, often brought up the subject of the trial herself and took copious notes, a proceeding that at least raises the question of whether she had a purpose other than idle conversation.

Dollars for Britain

IF AMERICANS are to take wise action in their own interest when the British delegates come over to talk about the critical dollar shortage, they should clear their minds of a few persistent delusions. The first is that the plight of Britain is due to the fact that it has a Socialist government. The error of this view has been exposed by the London *Economist*, which not only is one of the most highly respected journals in the world but is anti-Socialist. The nationalization plans undertaken by the government have not discouraged production or reduced exports so far, whatever may be their ultimate effects. On the contrary, reports the *Economist*, without these activities "coal would have been scarcer and probably dearer; and it is almost certain that railway rates would be higher than they are now." As for the commercial policies of the country, such as exchange control and bilateral trading, they are not the result of Socialist doctrine but are imposed by the facts of the case. The United States acts in much the same way when it comes up against comparable problems, as in Germany and Russia. The British government may legitimately be criticized, the *Economist* believes, for pushing social services too far in a time of stringency, but the welfare state is not regarded as socialism anywhere in the world, least of all by the British Tories, who have promised to continue the same policy if they come to power.

The dollar shortage is not due to any lag in British production. The index of exports by volume is 56 per cent above the pre-war level, which is a far greater gain than that achieved by any other Marshall Plan nation—

France being next with a 27 per cent increase. British imports are only 82 per cent of the pre-war volume; the European nation which has done next best in reducing imports is Belgium, with 97 per cent.

Many have argued that Britain could solve the problem simply by devaluing the pound. Foreigners would then find British goods cheaper and British exports would be stimulated. But this is a one-sided and mechanical view. Britain has so far had no difficulty in selling abroad all it could produce for the purpose. The trouble has been in diverting enough of these exports to the United States and other dollar countries. How many more goods from the sterling area would we buy if their prices were lower? The answer is doubtful; our purchases depend more on full employment at home and the need of industry for imported materials than on the prices of imports. On the other hand, devaluing the pound would certainly make it more expensive for the British to buy what they need from America. The chances are that they would lose more than they would gain.

A curious suggestion that just the opposite should be done has recently been much discussed in inner circles. According to this idea, the United States should devalue the dollar. Then the British would pay less for what they bought here even if it was more expensive for Americans to buy goods from the sterling area. That such a remedy would work in the long run is open to as much question as the wisdom of the opposite policy—devaluing the pound. The sleight-of-hand intended is mainly concerned with an incidental result. Devaluing the dollar would increase the dollar value of our huge gold stocks. Out of this windfall "profit" we could without any net loss give the British a corresponding amount of gold. Gold would be as good as dollars to them in buying from us. Well, we already have twice as much gold as we need for banking reserves; if we want to give it away we might just as well do so without going through the motions of devaluation.

The truth is that the shortage of dollars began at least as early as World War I, caused mainly by the liquidation of British investments in the Western world to pay for munitions and supplies. World War II made it more acute. Every time Americans stop supplying Europeans with dollars—by investments in Europe or by purchase of their products and services—the shortage makes trouble. Britain is well on the way to a permanent solution by increasing production and exports and obtaining more of its requirements from non-dollar areas. In the meantime the critical difference between having enough dollars and not having enough is a narrow one, well within our ability to remedy. We might as well stop looking for scapegoats or easy ways out and decide to make the necessary dollars available, in one way or another. That is the price of British-American security, which is the basis of Western civilization.

Tito and Washington

IF HISTORY were governed by ideological absolutes, the State Department would not today be debating how far to go in backing the Communist regime in Yugoslavia, and Tito would not be making bids for help from Washington while he continues to denounce the capitalist imperialists of the West. It is the uncomfortable fate of these two countries to be forced closer together by their common—however differently motivated—conflict with Russia.

Tito did his best to keep the dispute with the Kremlin inside the family. Regarding himself as a good Marxist-Leninist, he demanded only that his government be free to run Yugoslavia as an independent socialist state, allied with the U. S. S. R. and the other Cominform states, but not bossed by the Kremlin. This attitude Moscow has denounced as "an opportunistic, bourgeois ideology, basically contrary to the ideology of revolutionary proletarian internationalism," which seems to be a roundabout way of saying that internationalism—for a satellite—is whatever contributes to Russian nationalism.

For many months, Tito argued his differences with the Kremlin, firmly but without animosity. Even after he had been read out of the Cominform and reviled by Moscow as a lackey of Western imperialism, he refused to recognize Soviet enmity as a controlling fact. And he continued to castigate the imperialist West with undiminished vigor. Although he has gradually been making trade deals with various Western nations, it took almost a year of mounting hostility in Moscow and a tightening boycott of Yugoslavia by the Cominform states to force Belgrade to ask Washington for help.

As for the State Department, it showed a similar reluctance. Obviously, it would much prefer to back a sober democratic regime, or even an unstable reactionary one, against the Kremlin. It held back, half expecting that Tito would yield or be forced out by a Soviet-inspired coup; worried, too, about the political effect in Western Europe and at home of giving aid to an unrepentant—even though separatist—Communist regime.

At last, however, the Kremlin has brought Belgrade and Washington to an uneasy, tentative collaboration. By openly calling for Tito's overthrow and predicting his death, by threatening to resort to "more effective means to protect the rights and interests of Soviet citizens in Yugoslavia and bring order to the unrestrained fascist offenders," by denouncing the Belgrade government as Russia's enemy, Moscow has stamped out any lingering illusion that an agreement might be brought about. Even before the suspicious attacks on plants and ships and collective farms, and a massing of troops just over the Hungarian frontier, Russian hos-

tility had reached a point that made further delay in Washington or Belgrade politically meaningless. Ideology had to give way to expediency.

No doubt there will still be many misgivings and the new bedfellows will cling to opposite sides of the mattress. But Belgrade officials have moderated their tone in talking to representatives of the State Department, while the latter apparently realize that Tito's usefulness will continue—indeed, that Tito himself will survive only so long as he sticks to the role of the uncompromising Communist leader whose one heresy is to defend his country's sovereign rights.

The embarrassment caused each government by its approach to the other is less, however, than the embarrassment they may together inflict upon the Kremlin. Some observers believe that Moscow's recent menacing gestures toward Belgrade have been designed to drive Tito completely into the arms of the State Department and so ruin him in the eyes of all good Cominformers. If this is the plan, it seems likely to fail, first because of the obvious reluctance displayed in both Belgrade and Washington and, second, because Tito is in fact countering the Kremlin's attack with a first-rate propaganda campaign rebutting Russian charges one by one and asserting his own positive revolutionary position. His offer to negotiate existing differences, on the basis of equality as between two sovereign states, presented the Kremlin with the unpalatable alternatives of accepting or annulling its treaty with Belgrade and its obligations under the United Nations Charter.

Assuming Tito's political hold remains firm and is buttressed by credits and an opportunity to buy necessary industrial equipment in America, his resistance to Moscow's rule may prove a more effective weapon than any the State Department has yet held in its hands. This is not the place to analyze in detail the effect of the economic sanctions Washington has imposed on Eastern Europe. In our opinion, they have hurt the West as much as the East, strangling trade essential to all Europe and increasing tension. What value they may have had, as a strictly cold-war measure, in depriving Russia of military potential, they have largely canceled out by forcing the satellite countries into even greater dependence on Moscow. That Tito finally broke away was due to the relatively greater size and military strength of Yugoslavia, and the self-confidence it gained from achieving liberation through its own effort with only minor help from the Red Army.

If the economic isolation of Eastern Europe tightened the Kremlin's hold, a successful rebellion by Tito will similarly undermine it. But victory means that Tito must manage to survive without making too many concessions to the United States. If he pays for steel mills or other American favors by compromising the essential revolutionary achievements of his regime, Moscow will

have won an important political battle. For Tito's defiance of Kremlin "imperialism" will prove contagious, and therefore effective, only if it does not spell subservience to the "imperialism" of Washington. Should it even tend in that direction, Moscow's anti-Tito propaganda would immediately assume the force of true prophecy, in the Cominform countries and in Yugoslavia as well; and the heresy of Belgrade would end either in civil war or in a Kremlin-directed coup. These simple if distasteful facts must be made clear to Congress and the country if the State Department's policy is to succeed. A strong independent Communist state may not be a welcome bedfellow, but if it serves to circumscribe the area of Moscow's direct domination, that is all Washington can safely demand. The thing this country could least afford just now, either morally or financially, would be another Greece.

POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Confusion on the Hudson

NO NEW YORKER should plan to go to the polls this coming November unless he is fully equipped with reliable charts, compass, sextant, and other such navigational aids. He will find that party labels, often pointless even in national and state elections and far more so in municipal politics, have in this instance attained the very nadir of significance. And of all those who will have to pick their way carefully, as through a coral reef, the liberal voter is bound to be the most cautious and the most bewildered. Without attempting at this early date to suggest the channel he might take, let me point out the multiple alternatives from which his zigzag course will have to be mapped.

We will assume, first, that our liberal voter wants clean government. The chances are he will tend to be attracted, initially, to the standard of Newbold Morris, put forward for the mayoralty by the Fusion, Republican, and Liberal parties as the protégé and heir of the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia. This is the coalition that has symbolized reform in the city, the conquest over Tammany Hall, through most of the years since Jimmy Walker bowed a jaunty head before the Seabury inquisitors. Since comparatively few liberals in New York vote Republican, the chances are that our voter will be tempted to pull the lever for Morris on the Liberal Party line.

But at this point several other considerations may enter his mind. Suppose he wants clean municipal government but is seriously concerned about the political repercussions of a Republican triumph, as a Morris

victory would be regarded in the country at large. To build up the G. O. P. in the city in 1949 is unquestionably to strengthen it for the governorship and Congressional fights of 1950, not to mention the Presidential battle of 1952. Second, he may ask himself what is worse about supporting Mayor O'Dwyer, running for reelection with Tammany support, than voting for young Bob Wagner, who ironically has the joint blessing of Tammany and the Liberal Party in his race for the borough presidency of Manhattan. To be sure, Wagner has served notice on Tammany that he will administer that office independently, and he has made no pledge to retain the four Tammany district leaders now living off its pay roll. But this must be taken on faith, good gamble though I happen to think it is. On the face of things O'Dwyer himself has something of a record in the way of pulling the tiger's tail, having damned its leaders in public as "scavengers who would take money from orphans," and ousted the worst of its factions. While its present boss, Carmine De Sapio, is as suspect among the Fair Deal Democrats as his predecessors, the fact is that neither he nor any of the machine leaders in the city now entertains any affection for O'Dwyer—which is all to the Mayor's credit.

Then, too, the liberal voter may be swayed by the position of the labor union which has his membership or commands his sympathy. Certainly he is not going to regard a vote either way as anti-labor, what with Morris commanding the support of Dubinsky's powerful International Ladies' Garment Workers and O'Dwyer that of the City C. I. O. Council. Appealing for Morris and his coalition running-mates—Harry Uviller for comptroller and Matthew J. Diserio for president of the City Council—the I. L. G. appeals for the "rescue" of the city from the "degrading and corrupt machine of Tammany Hall." At the same time a joint statement comes from the president of the Central Trades and Labor Council (A. F. of L.) and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (C. I. O.) hailing O'Dwyer as "the people's mayor." Indeed, the I. L. G. itself is not solidly for Morris. One of Dubinsky's leading lieutenants, Luigi Antonini, head of the largely Italian Local 89, is expected to sulk in his tent for the campaign if he doesn't actually come out for O'Dwyer. Originally a promoter of Judge Pecora's candidacy, Antonini reflects the growing attraction of the Democratic Party for Italian American New Yorkers ever since the Tammany of the Murphys, the Currys, and the Sullivans began to give ground to the Tammany of the Mancusos and the De Sapios.

By and large the position of the C. I. O. is determined by the conviction of its Political Action Committee that labor's hopes still lie with the Democratic Party, and that it is impossible to work with the Democrats nationally in even-numbered years and oppose them in off-years on the local level. That is the thinking of men

like Emil Rieve, of the Textile Workers' Union, who has berated the Liberal Party for allying itself with the Republicans to the possible detriment of the Democratic Senatorial candidate. "We cannot afford to replace the author of the Wagner act," Rieve warns, "by a man dedicated to its destruction." The same reasoning motivates those members of Americans for Democratic Action who favor O'Dwyer. "There are two kinds of A. D. A. members," as one organization leader puts it, "Democrats and independents. We could never have done the job we did in Philadelphia in 1948 as independents." Nevertheless, a large percentage of members, probably a majority, are thought to favor Morris, and the organization may be forced into an official neutrality on the mayoralty, in which case it will concentrate on the Senate race.

TO ALL the arguments of the pro-O'Dwyer liberals the Liberal Party and the I. L. G. have ready—and, I think, impressive—answers. Far from being wedded to the G. O. P., they point out, they are supporting exactly three Republicans on the entire slate, and none at all in four boroughs out of five. Of the three who have their favor, moreover, none is a Republican of the orthodox variety. Morris, who supported Roosevelt in 1944 and Mead and Lehman in 1946, was clearly forced on the reluctant G. O. P. leaders as the basic price of the coalition. He is not expected to hew to the party line, and the belief is that, if elected, he will lean more heavily on his Liberal supporters than on the Republicans, with A. A. Berle as his most trusted adviser. (O'Dwyer liberals think this a myth and believe he will be easy prey to the likes of Republican County leader Thomas J. Curran.) Of the two remaining Republicans on the Liberal ticket, Diserio is of the LaGuardia vintage and Stanley Isaacs, running for reelection to the City Council, is so little in the Republican grain that the Liberals felt it necessary to have him publicly disavow the American Labor Party before they would indorse him.

To dramatize the casualness of their connection with the Republicans still further, the Liberals went out of their way to team up with the Democrats on Wagner, though they would otherwise have been perfectly satisfied with Oren Root, a genuine and popular liberal. In fact, they forced Wagner on the Tammany leaders, who were as unwilling to take the independent son of an independent father as the Republicans were to take Morris. Beyond this, they will not only support Herbert Lehman for the Senate, if he runs, but have been most active in pressing for his nomination. The fact is that this important balance-of-power group is now playing the role of an exalted Citizens' Union, drawing on both major parties for candidates it conceives to be ideologically suitable. This should make for some queer platform performances when Wagner and Lehman, addressing

Liberal Party rallies, play down or ignore O'Dwyer and their other Democratic running-mates; and when Morris, Diserio, and Isaacs do the same for their party's Senatorial nominee, whoever he may be.

Taking the position they do in national politics, why are the Liberals so hostile to O'Dwyer, even to the point of dividing the ranks of labor in the city? Primarily because they see Democratic government in New York tending again toward machine rule. While they can work in perfect harmony with the Democrats on state and national levels, they cannot do so in city politics without being party to the endlessly sordid deals that keep a Tammany machine in motion. They are still miffed, in particular, over the Mayor's support of his brother, Paul O'Dwyer, when he ran for Congress last year as the Democratic-A. L. P. nominee, in spite of the Mayor's sworn enmity toward the Labor Party. Had Brother Paul won, the Liberals point out, the A. L. P. would have had complete control of all northern Manhattan, and they regard that episode as merely one example of the ne-

farious trading that goes on between Tammany and the machine of Vito Marcantonio. Then, too, they cite the hazy but persistent charges of corruption in the O'Dwyer regime and the Mayor's bungling intrusion into the selection of a new president for Queens College. And, finally, like most New Yorkers—Republicans, liberal Democrats, and Tammany leaders alike—they were repelled by the mixture of coyness and crudeness with which the Mayor won renomination. The widespread belief is that he encouraged Pecora, Wagner, Cashmore, and District Attorney Hogan to think of themselves, each in turn, as the Mayor's chosen heir and then yielded to a contrived "draft" on the ground that only he could save the party from dissension.

[The candidates themselves, the highly important Senatorial contest, the role of the Catholic church if Lehman decides to run, and labor's performance will be the subjects of further reports in this column as the campaign develops.—R. B.]

I Got into Spain

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, August 16 (Delayed)

TWICE in *The Nation* I have described my emotions when I stood at the very border of my country and could not enter. To see it before me only a few meters away brought home to me sharply its sufferings and the unceasing heroic struggle of its people for liberty. This time I can tell a different story. This time I went into Spain, and my experiences, if it were wise to relate them, would sound to Americans almost incredible.

The meetings with the people to whom I wished to talk were all arranged beforehand—my main concern was not to jeopardize anyone's security—and the rendezvous were carefully chosen. The only hardship I anticipated was having to walk a few more miles than I am accustomed to do. My companion knew the country well and could guide me along the roads where we would meet the fewest people. I am not going to facilitate the vengeance of the Franco police, if they should see this article and learn how they were outwitted, by giving any details about the persons I went to see. American readers must assume they were simple summer tourists, enjoying the delightful climate which at this time of the year can be found in Spain only in the northern part.

Everything went according to schedule. The things I saw and heard not only stirred my feelings but enlarged my vision of the problems involved in liberating Spain,

of what must be done to bring the present struggle to a successful conclusion. The American people, as a whole, are responsive to the appeal of great causes, are moved by personal courage, boldness, and imagination, and during the Spanish war, from 1936 to 1939, they showed their admiration and sympathy for the people of Spain. In the years I have lived among them it has been proved to me on hundreds of occasions that they have always been on the side of the Republic. Of course the policy of the United States government is another thing. I can assure Americans today, on my return from this unforgettable visit, that the Spanish people are as worthy of American sympathy and support in their present magnificent struggle against the last heir of Hitler as they were during the active period of the civil war.

UNTIL almost the end of my trip no untoward incident occurred. Once I was obliged to take a sun bath, completely nude, in violation of the regulations of the rigid clerical state, while my clothes dried after I had fallen into a river. But that only contributed a note of humor to our usually serious mood. I did not know then that our position was soon to become critical, especially for my companion, who was also of course a Spanish Republican.

In returning to France we decided to follow a different and what seemed a safer road than the one we had

taken when we entered Spain. Suddenly, close to the border, we were amazed to see before us a civil guard. We hastily assumed the air of summer visitors exhausted by a long walk and entered a *caserío* (half farmhouse, half tavern) where wine was sold. As we sat and drank a few glasses, my companion talked jokingly with the young girls who served us. Presently a fat man came in,



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a typical Falangist in appearance. He walked over to our table and asked my companion who he was who talked so much. At first he asked only general questions, but soon he became inquisitive about our personal affairs, though he did not directly demand that we identify ourselves. From where I sat I could see the civil guard

standing outside the door. We tried to act naturally and to give no cause for suspicion.

The moment came to pay and go—if we could. Just as we were about to descend the stairs—we were on the second floor of the *caserío*, which made flight much more difficult—the fat man sprang forward and seized my companion, and the two disappeared through the door. I was just behind, separated from my companion by the civil guard, who drew his revolver and with two other young men rushed down the stairs in pursuit of the others. Another man, whether a Falangist or a police officer I could not tell, drew me back into the room where we had been sitting. It was useless for me to try to follow my companion. I could only hope to invent an acceptable story to explain my presence there.

For some seconds I waited for the sound of a shot. We had agreed not to carry arms, as a measure of precaution in case we should be searched; the shot I expected to hear was one from the civil guard's revolver. In a moment the fat man came back up the stairs holding his hand on his belly and swearing all the oaths at his command, though this was a strongly Catholic region. My companion, I learned to my joy, had escaped. I realized with relief that my own arrest, while it would be more sensational than his and receive bigger headlines, would not have such dangerous consequences for our friends in Spain, whom I was above all anxious to protect. I might be a bigger prize, but I had no local connections to be implicated; no matter what they did, they could get no information out of me.

The fat man turned out to be the local chief of police. He had been in the Franco police during the war, was no novice, which makes the outcome of my adventure the more incredible. In a perfect rage he barked at me: "Your papers. Unless you can identify yourself fully you cannot leave Spain."

I had had time enough to work out the details of how I would act. Everything depended on my showing no excitement. I answered in very bad Spanish—fortunately I had previously said very little, as my companion had done all the talking—and pretended to be an American. "I haven't any papers. I left them in Biarritz at the Hotel Carlton. I was only taking a walk here."

"Very well, come to the station house."

Headquarters of the Franco police was the last place I had thought of visiting when I left New York at the end of July. A portrait of the *Caudillo* looked down on us. The chief of police was accompanied by a young aid who seemed to pride himself on his knowledge of American geography, for when I said I was from Philadelphia, he promptly added, "State of Pennsylvania." I soon discovered, however, that the only other English word he knew was "yes."

The first thing they did was to search me thoroughly. Of course they did not find a single scrap of writing; I carried absolutely nothing to reveal my identity. Then they examined my clothes and the things in my pockets. These proved my greatest help. In my coat was the label "Finchley, Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago"; on my glasses case was "De Lorme-Lehman, 42 East 23d Street, New York." But what really convinced them was half a bar of chocolate given me by my wife which I had taken as a snack on the trip and which bore the mark "Rosemarie, New York." The young aid handed it to the chief.

Balked of his prey, the chief turned on the civil guard, and a quarrel broke out over who was to blame for the escape of my companion. Everybody shouted, and that seemed the moment for me to begin to shout too. I acted terribly angry and berated them for having let the fellow slip through their fingers after he had promised me a picturesque excursion into Spain and instead had got me into this trouble with the police. Why were they detaining and abusing a foreign tourist? Repeatedly, I demanded to be allowed to telephone my friends in Biarritz. My Spanish became more and more incomprehensible. Finally the chief shoved me out of the door and said, "Go away and don't come back."

Almost at once I was on French territory. And there, standing in the road on the other side of a little bridge—not to be confused with the International Bridge between the two countries—my companion was waiting for me. He is one of the toughest Republicans I know, but he was pale as death. He had thought only of how to rescue me. He told me of all the possible courses of ac-

tion that had passed through his mind—a night attack to liberate me and a dozen other projects that would have been equally futile, for if the Franco police had discovered that their prisoner was the president of España Combatiente (Fighting Spain) they would have sent him to Madrid at once. Only the fact that they lost their head after the escape of my companion explains why they did not take me to the headquarters of the frontier service, where I would have been quickly identified.

Later my companion told how he had escaped. When the police chief seized him, he had dragged the chief with him down the stairway, always keeping the man's body between himself and the civil guard, who therefore could not shoot. Finally he managed to kick the chief in the stomach, hurl him against the civil guard, and before they could recover themselves enough to shoot, make a dash to safety. In the struggle he hurt his leg and still finds walking difficult. When I had related my story, he said philosophically, "A good combination of physical strength and intellectual audacity."

But our little adventure, which fortunately ended well, seems nothing at all when one thinks of the terrible drama being played out in Spain.

THE best description of Spain today was given me by a twenty-three-year-old shepherd who was waiting for nightfall to cross the border into France. "Spain," he said, "is a hospital, a prison, and a cemetery." He had come more than a hundred miles on foot from his home. He had not been a regular member of the guerrillas but had served as an intermediary between them and the villagers, taking them food and tobacco. One of his companions had been caught and beaten so brutally that finally, half-conscious, he had given this man's name, but he had held out long enough to allow his friend time to escape.

The shepherd told me the number of guerrillas had been increasing lately, and others confirmed this. For some time many people in Spain were deceived by reports that international action to substitute a more humane regime for Franco's was impending—the friends of Indalecio Prieto assiduously spread the rumor that Washington and London were firmly behind the Monarchist-Socialist plan. As a result the underground became temporarily less active. Patriots who had lived in the mountains like savages for so many years, hounded constantly by the police and the army, naturally welcomed the prospect of a less violent solution of the Spanish problem. These illusions were eventually dispelled. Today most people are convinced that the battle for liberty must be fought within the country. The Spanish Resistance believes, however, that in its struggle against the fascist regime it is entitled to moral and material support from progressives everywhere.

The guerrillas cannot be reorganized overnight. They

need time, and above all they need arms. Recruits are joining them as fast as they can be supplied with weapons. Meanwhile the fighting goes on. The frequency with which trains are attacked reduces to a minor episode the blowing up of the bridge around which Hemingway constructed his novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Reprisals are carried out ruthlessly. I was told that in one village, Sipán, the *masías* (peasant farmhouses) in which the guerrillas sometimes took shelter to get a night's sleep were all burned to the ground.

To fight or to escape is the question that dominates men's minds. Those who do not take to the mountains have their eyes fixed on France. So many Spaniards are crossing the frontier illegally every day, in spite of the increasing vigilance on both sides, that a real problem is being created. One person said to me, "If there were facilities for it, half Spain would leave. The exodus would be greater than in 1939." (At the end of the Spanish war nearly half a million Spanish Republicans entered France with the consent of the French government.) Another declared, with characteristic Spanish humor, "If the French opened the border, no one would stay here but Franco. Even his wife and his daughter would go."

Not only men whose lives are in danger, like the shepherd of whom I spoke, are fleeing the country. Soldiers carrying their arms have been slipping across the border lately, together with pacific and non-political tradesmen and manufacturers. I talked with a Catalan business man who would never have left home if he had been allowed to lead the normal existence that an American business man leads. He said the electric power he required to run his factory was supplied only one day a week as a rule or occasionally two days. In order to obtain his raw material he had to bribe two government functionaries and pay three times what the stuff was worth. The government also made him pay his workmen for the time they were idle because the power was off—this has often been reported—and in addition he was forced to pay workers who existed only in the brain of the official who kept the record. The wages of these ghosts went of course into the official's own pocket. The manufacturer fled because he could not make a living, not for ideological reasons. He is sixty-three years old and wants to go to Venezuela, where he has a son.

The corruption of the Franco regime on all levels is an old story—everyone has heard of the famous *estraperlo*, or black market—but it has taken some surprising new forms. The civil guards, whose honesty used to be as traditional as their brutality, now also engage in *estraperlo*. Unable to live on their pay, they augment it with the fines they collect, and instead of going into the exhausted treasury of the government the money is spent in the black market for bread or other kinds of food outside the ration. The peasants can recognize a civil

guard from afar, though he no longer wears the old-fashioned gaudy uniform and clumsy tricorne, and when they see one, they are extremely careful to light the lanterns on their high two-wheeled carts and observe the regulations about their mules; but "if we fail to do so they fine us, and if everything is in order they fine us just the same."

The effects of the drought have been even worse than the press accounts have revealed. In some parts of the country if a visitor at a house asks for a glass of water he is offered instead a glass of wine, though wine is not abundant. Wide rivers can be crossed on stepping stones. The Lozoya canal is dry. Inevitably harvests are bad, the electric-power shortage continues, the industrial paralysis is spreading. For the next few months the Franco regime will face the worst crisis it has yet experienced, even though coal is coming in from England and commercial treaties have been signed with various countries. If the Western democracies were willing to stop their shipments of coal and other products to Spain, the fascist government would find itself on the brink of the abyss.

IN A sense it already stands there. "When the American Senate voted to refuse Franco the fifty million dollars he asked for," one of the men with whom I talked said to me, "it dealt him the worst blow he has received in recent years." My friends were disturbed by the news that the Americans, having been unable for political reasons to give the money directly to Franco, were trying to give it to him through French banks and even the Banque de France, but I assured them these rumors were false. I was surprised when I read the report of the French loan in the American press, for I could not believe that French Socialist ministers would swallow it. A resolution of the Central Committee of the party calls for the expulsion of the Socialist ministers if anything like that happened.

Distrust of Washington is still strong, largely because of the speeches of certain American Senators, notably McCarran of Nevada, but President Truman's firm statement, on July 14, opposing a loan to Franco caused some diminution of anti-American feeling, which had been very high. People who know the real state of the government's finances and the extent of official corruption are amazed that in a country as practical as the United States there could be Senators and Representatives who would talk for days in favor of lending millions of dollars to Franco, which is like dropping it in the maw of *estraperlo*. I tell them that some of these gentlemen are not precisely models of well-informed statesmanship.

The Senate's refusal of a loan to Franco, following similar action by the Export-Import Bank, was deeply felt in army circles. A very much alarmed Franco called together a group of leading generals to tell them that

no matter what the President said and no matter how strong the opposition in the Senate or how noisy the protests of organizations like the C. I. O. and A. F. of L., American military men visiting Spain had promised him that in the end the Pentagon would push through its idea of making Spain one of the most important elements in the military fulfilment of the Atlantic Pact. Now Franco will try to prove that the American army and navy—in his words, "the things that count in America"—are for him by pointing to the expected visit of United States warships to Ferrol in the early part of September. This first visit of the American navy to Spain since the end of the civil war will give a new lease on life to the Falange and throw liberals in Spain, who had put their faith in Truman, into the greatest confusion. But it will not discourage the guerrillas.

As is well known, the Catholic hierarchy has always been on the side of Franco. But I have heard from a very reliable source that on a recent visit to Rome, Cardinal Tedeschini, Papal Nuncio at Madrid for many years and one of the most intelligent prelates of the Roman Curia, reached the conclusion that it would be extremely dangerous for the church to continue to support the regime. My informant added that the Vatican now favored a change in Spain.

The Falange is divided, corrupt, and demoralized. But whenever there is talk of bringing back the monarchy, it closes its ranks, like a bunch of desperados fearful of losing their power.

Part of the army is passing over to the opposition. The generals who have done so—I do not know their number, for their names can naturally not be mentioned here—may be divided into two groups: those who have turned against Franco because with the increasing bankruptcy of the government the prospect that they will continue to receive the extra money which has made them rich is fading and may disappear completely, and those who have nobler motives—after all, they are Spaniards, and in the continuation of the regime they see their country's ruin.

Discontent is growing, protests becoming louder. As the situation in France improves, the contrast offered by Spain appears more glaring. People who go to France return to Spain talking about how much there is to eat in France. To stop these reports travelers who say too much are often arrested. French bread is a luxury article to be smuggled over the border. An incident I observed on the French side illustrates the situation. A six-year-old girl just come from Spain with her parents was told by the wife of a poor Spanish Republican who had given them shelter to help herself freely to bread. The child hesitated and then burst into tears.

How can Spain be extricated from its present situation? This is the question that for varying reasons dominates the minds of everybody except the clique around

Franco. The Resistance relies on its own strength and will to fight. Indalecio Prieto's Socialists place their hopes on a maneuver whose ultimate purpose—and I venture to assert whose primary purpose, let them say what they will—is the restoration of the monarchy, pure and simple. Prieto has lost a great deal of his influence; it is not true that his policy of capitulation is popular in Spain.

Countless rumors circulate about impending events. Some sources predict a change will take place before the United Nations meet at Lake Success in September. I myself have been filled with hope by the fighting spirit of the Spanish people, stronger today than ever, and I

listen to the speculations about the moves of this or that general with great skepticism. On the other hand, I do not dismiss altogether the possibility of a generals' coup.

Don Juan, the Pretender, has decided, in spite of the opposition of some of his advisers, to have a "last" meeting with Franco in the next few weeks and try to convince him that it is "to his interest" to open the way to a new arrangement, since he, Franco, will receive no economic aid from outside.

One thing is certain—with every day that passes the Spanish situation becomes more explosive. Nor is there any doubt that the Spanish people are eager to regain their liberty and determined to fight for it.

Our Failure in China

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

WHEN Secretary of State Dean Acheson stated in the recently issued White Paper on China that it was American policy to wait for the dust to settle before making any major new decisions about China, he laid himself and the Administration open to a sustained and savage attack. Criticism concentrated on the suggestion that the Department of State, having failed in a weak policy of insufficient action, was trying to retreat to a still weaker policy of total inaction.

One purpose of the attack was to prove that the Department of State and the President, by putting their emphasis on the Truman Doctrine in Greece and Turkey and the Atlantic Pact and military-aid program in Western Europe, were being only half-heartedly and inadequately anti-Russian. The cry for all-out aid to Chiang Kai-shek cited the welfare of China less and less every time it was repeated, and the moral satisfaction of an active, gunpowder-and-human-blood front against Russia more and more.

The White Paper is primarily significant as evidence of the increasing ruthlessness of political warfare within the United States. To cover what was being made to look like a moral soft spot on the domestic front in American politics, it set out to show that in the high strategy of politics in Asia the Administration was as relentlessly anti-Russian as the most fire-eating Republican, and that in pursuit of impeccably anti-Russian aims the United States had engaged in as much intervention in China as the traffic could possibly bear. It is one of the most astonishing documents in diplomatic history.

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The Kuomintang government of China is—or was—a friendly government that the United States had made every effort to support, to guide, to master-mind, to prod, to exhort, to cajole, to provide with money, know-how, and lethal weapons, and even to browbeat (see General Wedemeyer's tough talk to a joint meeting of the State Council and all Ministers of the National Government, pp. 758-63, and Ambassador Stuart's slightly appalled comments, pp. 824-26). Yet the revelations that the White Paper makes about this government—from which Washington does not apparently intend to withdraw recognition—are of a kind usually published only when a government has broken off relations with a hostile state and has gone to war with it or is preparing to declare war.

For the sake of brevity most of these revelations must here be reduced to simple statements, without the rich but gruesome details that the White Paper provides. It is at least comforting, however, to have it proved that none of the difficulties of American policy in China have been due to the ignorance of American personnel in the field or their failure to report realistically to Washington. Under Ambassador Gauss, to whose record justice has never yet been done, the embassy reporting was brilliant. No government ever had its future problems of policy laid out and interpreted in advance more accurately and honestly.

The level fell under the fantastic and flamboyant Ambassador Hurley, as can be seen from the parody of diplomatic correspondence on page 577 of the White Paper, in which Hurley addresses Chou En-lai in a simplified prose style, as if he were a small-time Indian chief with doubtful claims to land on which oil might theoretically but probably would not actually be found. Hurley, in his letter of resignation to President

Truman (pp. 581-84), made scarehead accusations against some of the career men under him of "siding with the Chinese Communist armed party." An example of amazingly accurate prophecy, written three weeks before General Hurley was nominated as ambassador, which may have been mistaken by the headlong Hurley for partisanship, may be quoted from a report by John Davies, in November, 1944 (p. 573):

Relying upon his dispirited shambling legions, his decadent, corrupt bureaucracy, his sterile political moralisms, and such nervous foreign support as he can muster, the Generalissimo may nevertheless plunge China into civil war. He cannot succeed, however, where the Japanese in more than seven years of determined striving have failed. The Communists are already too strong for him.

If the Generalissimo neither precipitates a civil war nor reaches an understanding with the Communists, he is still confronted with defeat. Chiang's feudal China cannot long coexist alongside a modern, dynamic, popular government in North China.

The Communists are in China to stay. And China's destiny is not Chiang's but theirs.

Under General Marshall and Ambassador Stuart political, military, and economic facts were again reported with realistic objectivity. The reports and analyses of Ambassador Stuart are especially significant, because for twenty years, while directing the policies of Yenching University, the most important center of American altruistic and progressive thinking in China, he had been a personal friend not only of Chiang Kai-shek and some of his influential advisers but of what

may be called the Kuomintang idea—the idea of a Chinese nation firmly but wisely led by a self-appointed élite toward a vague future in which it would become not too risky to grant more responsibility to the patient and admirable but politically immature Chinese people. Ambassador Stuart's dispatches show an increasingly worried conviction that Chiang Kai-shek has become "incapable" of "inspired leadership" (p. 845); that "he may indeed now be too old and has been in undisputed power too long to adjust himself" (p. 858). By May, 1948, the Ambassador reported, "We find it difficult to believe that he is any longer capable of the leadership necessary to instil new spirit into the people or that he has any intention of really instituting necessary reforms" (p. 865). Summing up as ably as anyone has yet done the contrast between the great war leader and the increasingly baffled and incompetent fanatic of civil war, the Ambassador adds: "It is tragic that the very qualities of grimly inflexible determination and enduring courage which fitted him preeminently for incarnating the popular will to resist Japan are now in some real sense a hindrance to him in problems calling for very different mental processes" (p. 877).

AFTER the end of General Marshall's mission in China and the beginning of Mr. Stuart's ambassadorship, that is, through 1947, 1948, and the first half of 1949, two cross-thrusts began to bear with increasing severity on the formulation of policy in Washington and the execution of that policy in China. One was the Yalta issue, the other the lack of Russian intervention in



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China. The White Paper crisply proves that the Yalta agreements with Russia were no dastardly sell-out by Franklin D. Roosevelt but sound statesmanship and sound strategy, because the atom bomb had not yet been perfected and American generals and admirals feared the dreadful cost of a single-handed American attack on the last stronghold of Japan. The secrecy of the Yalta agreements was not a Roosevelt-Stalin plot. It was due to the knowledge, expensively learned, that there were big security leaks in the Chinese government. Any important decisions communicated to that government became known to the Japanese. Therefore the Yalta agreements, though they concerned China, had to be kept secret from China from February to June, 1945. The agreements "gave" the Russians nothing that they were not in a position to take if they felt like it. On the other hand, the agreements reflect credit on President Roosevelt's foresightedness. They secured a planned entry of Russia into the war against Japan instead of leaving the front open for an unplanned entry based solely on Russian opportunism, and they tended to limit Russian forces to Manchuria and to keep them out of North China.

The real issue of the Yalta agreements is therefore a clause that is not in the agreements themselves but in a note from Moscow to the Chinese Foreign Minister attached to the Chinese-Russian treaty of August 14, 1945, the negotiation of which had been facilitated by the Yalta agreements. This clause reads that Russian support and aid are "to be entirely given to the National Government as the central government of China" (p. 587). It has been interpreted by Chinese propaganda and by pro-Kuomintang propaganda in America, though never, as far as I can recall, officially by the Chinese government, to mean that it was the duty of the Russians to keep the Chinese Communists out of Manchuria and to coerce the Chinese in Manchuria to accept the authority of the Kuomintang government.

On the other hand the Russians clearly interpreted both their rights and the limitations to their duties in Manchuria according to two clauses in a separate agreement concerning military operations in Manchuria, signed at the same time as the Chinese-Russian treaty. Under one of these clauses the Russians had the right, through a Chinese National Government representative, "to establish the cooperation between the Chinese armed forces, both regular and irregular, and the Soviet forces in recovered territory." Under the other, "as soon as any part of the liberated territory ceases to be a zone of immediate military operations, the Chinese National Government will assume full authority"—but with a proviso for continuing cooperation (pp. 592-93). The record shows that the Russians dealt with National Government authorities who showed up in Manchuria, but unlike the Americans in North China did not con-

sider themselves bound to transport National Government troops or to shoehorn them into positions that they could not otherwise have reached.

The issue of Russian non-intervention merges with the Yalta issue to entangle American policy in China with American policy toward Russia. On the subject of Russian aid to the Chinese Communists in Manchuria, Secretary Acheson's Letter of Transmittal asserts no more than that the Russians "conveniently 'abandoned' " their Japanese war booty to the Communists. But it should be pointed out that many of these arms passed first into the hands of non-Communist Manchurian Chinese who later, caught between handsome Communist promises and Kuomintang troops and officials who "conduct themselves in Manchuria as conquerors, not as fellow-countrymen, and have imposed a 'carpet-bag' regime of unbridled exploitation" (Ambassador Stuart, p. 733), decided to join up with the Communists.

It should also be added that the rough and tough way in which the Russians gutted Manchurian industry was a severe blow to Chinese Communist prestige, because it indicated that the confidence of the Chinese reds in their ability to take Manchuria was not shared by the Russians.

On the subject of later Russian intervention Ambassador Stuart reported in October, 1947, "little if any evidence of material assistance" (p. 832). Perhaps more significantly, in December, 1948, he wrote Secretary Marshall that he had told General Chang Chun, who was "acting as the Generalissimo's emissary," that in his experience "Americans were sure that there was close connection between aims and methods of C. C. P. and U. S. S. R., and that the former represented faithfully policy of U. S. S. R. in China." He continued: "This did not mean, I added, that in American opinion Soviet soldiers and technicians were actually participating in civil war on Communist side" (p. 895). According to diplomatic usage, this could only be interpreted as a warning that no Chinese propaganda stories of Russian intervention could count on official American backing.

IT IS clear that Russian non-intervention, not Russian intervention, has been one of the most deeply disturbing characteristics of the Chinese civil war. Here we have the real issue that the White Paper could not be expected to state explicitly. American intervention in China included undisguised participation in the details of Chinese domestic politics, administration, and military organization, objection to certain policies and individuals and promotion of other policies and individuals (as revealed on page after page of the White Paper), to gether with "grants and credits totaling approximately two billion dollars" and, in addition, "large quantities of military and civilian war-surplus property with a total

procurement cost of over one billion dollars" (Secretary Acheson's Letter of Transmittal). This colossal effort was sustained until the beginning of 1949. The result can only be described as subsidized turpitude—moral, political, and military.

On the other side, the record shows only that the Russians "conveniently 'abandoned'" some captured Japanese equipment *more than three years ago*. The White Paper makes not even an attempt to show that the Russians organized the use of this material by the Chinese Communists.

Under the existing conditions of domestic politics in America, the White Paper could not be expected to point the moral of this contrast, but the moral is none the less clear. American policy has been more than merely disappointed. It has taken a haymaker on the chin. A major effort in world policy by the most powerful country in the world has been defeated, without detectable effort, by a country whose industrial rating is about one-fifth to one-fourth that of the United States. On the side which had the active, though misused, aid of several thousand Americans, American ideals, ideology, and prestige are at their lowest level in a century of American concern with China. On the side on which no visible Russian personnel have yet been reported, Russian ideals, ideology, and prestige are at an all-time high. Russian non-intervention has wiped the floor with American intervention.

In at least one respect the Asia First critics of official American policy are right. In Asia, even more than in Europe, we need to ask, Where do we go from here?

In the 1944 report by John Davies quoted above, written long before the war had ended, the post-war problem of China was stated in seven sharp words: "The Communists are in China to stay." Five years and three billion dollars later Secretary Acheson's reply to that unrefuted statement is that "ultimately" China "will throw off the foreign yoke," and that Mr. Acheson considers that "we should encourage all developments in China which now and in the future work toward this end." The answer is one that may excite the curiosity of Arnold J. Toynbee, who deals historically in the rise and fall of civilizations. It is not likely to pass for long, even in Washington, as a foreign policy.

China is a fact. The Chinese Communists are a fact. It is a fact that Russian strength remains concentrated and deployable, and that no detectable part of it has been diverted or committed to China. A new American policy in Asia must start with the admission that these facts cannot be conjured out of existence, or be made amenable either to the tactics of blandishment or the tactics of the bludgeon, by Secretary Acheson's statement that "the Communist leaders have forsworn their Chinese heritage and have publicly announced their subservience to a foreign power, Russia."

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

WHATEVER may be claimed by the neo-Malthusians, the great majority of scientists competent to form an opinion are confident that the world can support its rapidly growing population. For the past two weeks 700 scientists from 50 countries have been at Lake Success attending a United Nations Scientific Conference on Conservation and Utilization of Resources, intended at once to assess the world's resource potential and to provide technical information for undeveloped countries. The strongest impression I have carried away from the meetings is that raising living standards is mostly a matter of a direct attack on the globe's economic slums. Individual nations may find it impossible to feed their people by farming in their traditional way or may lack particular minerals. But report after report makes it clear that there are highly efficient food-raising techniques which have hardly been used, and resources of land and sea still practically untouched. Moreover, the world's deposits of most minerals, including iron ore, coal, and oil, are ample for several centuries of greatly expanded use.

I would like to mention two especially promising developments that were described to the conference. One of the most widespread food deficiencies is fats. Edible fats may be obtained cheaply and in enormous quantities from several varieties of yeast. The yeasts, according to Swedish researchers, are easily cultivated and yield an oil like palm oil, the base of margarine. Another widespread food deficiency is protein. In Southeast Asia peasants provide themselves with protein by raising fish in irrigation ditches and ponds. Treated with a little fertilizer—to nourish the microscopic floating plants on which small fish feed—an acre of pond will yield as much as 4,000 pounds of nourishing protein food a year, several times as much as can be obtained per acre by the most efficient livestock farms. "Pond culture" has been practiced in Southeast Asia for at least 2,500 years, but to this day nowhere else, except in Israel. Neither capital nor skill is required for raising pond fish—just a waste pond and a little fertilizer. Pond culture would be ideal for Latin America, and since fish eat mosquito larvae, it would incidentally help to control malaria.

In some ways the conference, the first scientific meeting convoked by the U. N., has been disappointing. The Russians are taking no part, and the satellite countries did not send delegates, though Poland and Czechoslovakia contributed papers. Too many of the delegates—something over half—were American, and too few from abroad. Future conferences will do well to provide dollar exchange for the traveling expenses of scientists from overseas. Moreover, at the insistence of the United States, which suggested the conference, the agenda omitted atomic energy. Nor were the economics of technical progress discussed. Nevertheless, an extremely useful purpose has been served; we have been shown that the earth, as Kirtley Mather put it, has "enough and to spare" for all of us if we know how to make it yield what we need.

The Maquis Fought Here

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

St. Flour, Cantal, August 23

AT SEVERAL points along the railway that runs through the hilly country between Ussel in the Corrèze and Aurillac in the Cantal, trees and bushes were on fire, filling the hot air with smoke. An elderly French miner who came into my compartment at Mauriac said gloomily, "There will be suffering next winter. In this part of the country beans ought to cost next to nothing now, but they already sell for 140 francs a kilo, and the potatoes in my garden are little bigger than cherries."

All over France, and especially here in the Massif Central, they are talking about the drought. The papers say one must go back to 1893 to find anything comparable to it. The fields are a dull yellow. The mountain streams round Murat and Aurillac are reduced to a trickle, and at Saint Flour, perched high on the hill and looking like an inland Mont St. Michel, the water is "on" only one hour a day. M. Dommergue, the mayor, told me the city had had to spend several million francs to purchase some private springs to add to its water supply. "High up in the mountains the pastures are still pretty fair, but elsewhere the grasslands are parched, and we shall be desperately short of fodder. That will make meat prices slump." I had read that day in the paper that meat prices would be maintained in France through some new scheme of selling meat to England, but whenever I mentioned this, I found people skeptical. There was no proper organization for that sort of thing, they said, and no refrigeration machinery. Meanwhile the calves are being taken to the slaughterhouses before prices go down still farther.

As yet one cannot speak of disaster, but for five years central France has suffered from lack of rain, and with each successive dry summer the reserves of water go down. To make things worse, last winter there was snow in the mountains of the Cantal for only a fortnight instead of the usual three or four months. War-time deforestation of the hills of Murat and Le Lioran is blamed for the change of climate. The supply of hydroelectric power is at its lowest. These months of heat will have economic repercussions in France and perhaps political ones too. After the good harvest of 1948 there were many who prophesied that France would become an important exporter of foodstuffs this year. These hopes have been dashed. True, the wheat crop, estimated

at nearly seven million tons, will be up to the average and will meet France's home needs, but other crops, as well as vegetables, will be exceptionally poor, and milk, cheese, and butter are already in short supply. In the absence of rationing, therefore, a fairly sharp rise in the cost of living may be expected. It is the townspeople rather than the peasants who will suffer, and that means the possibility of labor troubles. Meat prices, it is true, may fall, but as M. Dommergue said, "our peasants will not slaughter their cattle if they can help it."

From the general standpoint of the French economy, the mass slaughter of cattle would be a serious setback. All over France one of the proudest achievements of the peasantry has been the building up of herds to pre-war or almost pre-war dimensions. Even if there is no mass slaughter, the great further improvement in the livestock situation that was expected this year will be retarded. An official bulletin of the Ministry of Agriculture said some months ago, "By the end of this year we shall be better off in livestock than before the war—*provided* the summer is not too dry." As regards wheat, the target for 1952 under the Monnet plan was ten million tons, which would leave a large export surplus, but it is not being approached.

During the war Cantal with its mountains and woods was a stronghold of the Maquis. In the market square of Murat, high in the hills, Gessler, Himmler's chief assistant in the Gestapo, was assassinated in 1944, after which 140 of the 2,000 people of Murat were deported to Buchenwald and other concentration camps in Germany and Poland. Only 40 returned alive. A monument to the victims stands in the square. Recently a neighborhood fête was held in the steep streets of Murat. A number of accordionists played, and the young people danced on a platform decorated with Chinese lanterns. The shopkeepers made fine displays in their windows; the barber, using celluloid dolls, pictured his conflicts with the tax collector—in the last of four scenes the doll was stripped bare. People stood outside the shop and chuckled. There was also a funny little drunk who chased the youngsters down the street twirling his walking stick like a rapier, much to the enjoyment of the people sitting at the cafe's sidewalk tables. Yet for all that there was a sense of strain in the town, an uncanny feeling that the hundred men of Murat who had died in German concentration camps were present at this *fête du quartier*, with its Chinese lanterns, accordions, puppets, and the funny drunk.

At Saint Flour too there is a monument, not to the

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deported but to twenty-five men who were shot in June, 1944—among them a Dr. Mallet of the local hospital and his two sons. Had he been shot as a hostage, or had he been betrayed as an active member of the Resistance? No one seemed able to say. One story was that Dr. Mallet knew he had been denounced to the Gestapo but stayed on at the hospital because there was no one else to look after the patients. Anyway, he was a local hero of the Resistance; his wife, who with her daughter was deported to Germany, returned safely and became a town councilor. There was much tragedy in this part of France, and the people showed that they had guts. Yet many peasants I talked to had mixed feelings about the Maquis; one old woman said that the Germans duly paid for everything and the *maquisards* did not, and that afterward there was some dirty vendetta work.

It is a country of medium-sized, mostly stockbreeding farms, and here as elsewhere the peasants "are not to be pitied," as the French say. They grew rich during and after the war and bought new farm machinery. In the

National Assembly the department is represented by one Communist, one Socialist, and one Agrarian; in the Senate, by two Radicals. The Socialists think the Communists may be largely eliminated from the next Parliament if, as they hope, they can persuade the M. R. P. to agree to the virtual abolition of proportional representation, in which case a new election law can be passed.

I asked one Socialist what effect he thought the Vatican excommunication measures would have on the Communist voters in France. "None at all," he said. "We have our strong Gallic tradition in France, and both left and right expect the Vatican to mind its own business." "Remember," he added, "that when the Vatican excommunicated the Action Française before the war, it did not make the slightest difference to Maurras' following. And if these ultra-reactionaries did not turn a hair, your rank-and-file Communist voter will be even less affected by the Vatican thunderbolts. It is not the Vatican; it is the abolition of P. R. that will get us the Communists' seats—if not their votes."

Behind Jurisdictional Strikes

BY SID LENS

SHOULD A. F. of L. carpenters or A. F. of L. sheet-metal workers instal metal trim? Should the C. I. O. automobile union or the C. I. O. farm-equipment union represent the agricultural-implement industry? To the average citizen these squabbles seem picayune. The term "jurisdictional dispute" conjures up for him a picture of a predatory union official throwing hundreds of men out of work merely to assign jobs to his own union people or to force a handful of men to join his union. Writers on the subject frequently refer to the dictum of the A. F. of L. carpenters that "once wood, it is always the right of the carpenter to instal it" and to the resulting scores of jurisdictional battles with structural iron workers, machinists, elevator constructors, wire and metal lathers, painters, asbestos workers, hod carriers, plasterers, and so on.

The issue is certainly of great importance to American labor. According to government statistics about 5 per cent of all strikes are due to jurisdictional disputes. What is more, intra-union strife is undoubtedly far more widespread than this figure shows. A local union I know of has organized five new groups of workers in the last three years, and in only one case was there no jurisdictional dispute. One contest ended in a strike and an

NLRB election, two ended in NLRB elections without strikes, and one ended after a strike threat.

A number of erudite people have offered a "simple" solution to this problem. They suggest that we set up arbitration machinery, sponsored by either the unions or the government, to make a final ruling in each dispute. On the surface this "solution" seems to make sense. Actually, however, the problem is not quite so simple: jurisdictional disputes do not stem from structural defects in our unions or even from the growth of the C. I. O. since 1935. The structural limitations merely offer a medium for the squabbles; they are not a cause. A jurisdictional dispute today, in practically all cases, has one of three causes: (1) an attempt by an employer to impose either a company-minded or a conservative union as bargaining agent, in preference to a legitimate or militant union; (2) an attempt by harassed workers to utilize the friction within the labor camp to switch from an economically weak or a bureaucratic union to one with greater economic power or more democracy; (3) an attempt by one political faction within labor to wean away local unions from another political faction for ideological rather than personal reasons.

Admittedly personal power has played an important role in the jurisdictional conflicts of the past. When Sam Gompers back in the 1880's declared that "we have no ultimate goals, we exist from day to day," he prepared the ground for the pragmatic union official who looked

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upon his union not as an idealistic venture but as a business or sinecure. The more members enrolled, the greater his power, and usually the greater his monetary reward. Given such a philosophy, it is simple to understand why there were so many battles over job rights: the job monopoly was the source of power for business unionists.

It would be useless to assert that such jurisdictional disputes no longer exist, but their number has diminished considerably and quite often there is an economic motive involved, as well as "job monopoly." For instance, a certain department store in Chicago a few years ago remodeled its building. Three craft unions used this opportunity to recruit fifteen or twenty craftsmen in the store who belonged to a vertical union. And since the craft unions had a much higher wage scale, all the men received increases of 40 to 55 cents an hour.

The number of "jurisdictional" strikes and disputes fomented by employers runs into many, many hundreds. A legitimate union begins organization of a plant, gains a strong foothold, and suddenly the employer signs a closed-shop agreement with another union—either an out-and-out company union or a legitimate but "soft" union which will not push too hard for wage increases. A twist to this type of "dispute" is provided when an employer uses the jurisdiction angle as a means of delaying recognition or holding up contract negotiations. Recently the independent telephone workers conducted a vote among their members and affiliated with the C. I. O. Thereupon the telephone companies petitioned the Labor Board for an election on the ground that they didn't know whether the members wanted to remain independent or be represented by C. I. O. Sometimes in the midst of such shenanigans an "independent" group comes into being and claims that the independent union still exists.

SECESSION from a weak or a bureaucratic union in order to gain greater economic power or democracy elsewhere frequently brings on a jurisdictional dispute. The Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union (C. I. O.) has suffered a number of such secessions in recent years. Four of its locals seceded in Chicago to join the A. F. of L. Building Service Union. In two instances this ended in Labor Board proceedings and elections, both of which the C. I. O. union lost. The Toledo and St. Louis groups of the union joined the A. F. of L. Teamsters, where they felt they would have more economic power. The C. I. O. tried but failed to regroup its forces in Toledo. A few bakery unions in New York joined the A. F. of L. bakers; a group of locals in Detroit joined the C. I. O. Amalgamated Clothing Workers; and one large Detroit local left the international union and received an industrial-union charter with direct affiliation to the C. I. O. The biggest defeat for this C. I. O. interna-

tional, however, was the loss of 35,000 members tied up with the department stores and warehouses in New York City. These leftist-led forces seceded when the former Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store president, Sam Wolchok, insisted on their signing non-Communist affidavits and appointed administrators over their unions. The result of this fiasco was twofold: the department-store jurisdiction was taken away from the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union by the national C. I. O. and given to the Amalgamated, and a three-way "jurisdictional dispute" developed between the C. I. O. Amalgamated, the A. F. of L. Retail Clerks, and the "independents." Except for the loss of Oppenheim-Collins to the Retail Clerks, the "independents" held their own almost everywhere—in Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Stern's, Hearn's, Gimbel's, and the warehouses.

Another so-called "left-right" dispute—between the C. I. O. United Automobile Workers and the C. I. O. Farm Equipment Union—has an entirely different axis. Although the ideological factor is important here, the main roots of the quarrel are economic. The farm-equipment industry employs 180,000 workers, of whom about 70,000 are members of the U. A. W. and 30,000 or 40,000 in the left-wing F. E. union. Originally the F. E. union was a section of the C. I. O. steel workers, but in 1938 it separated and in 1942 received an autonomous charter. The automobile union, on the other hand, has always had farm-equipment workers in its ranks and has claimed jurisdiction in this field since 1936. Attempts to absorb F. E. have been made frequently. In 1947 the then leftist U. A. W. leadership and F. E. worked out a unification program, but the Reuther group persuaded the C. I. O. membership to repudiate the agreement. Reuther went ahead to win full control of the union, and last year tried to take over most of the F. E. plants. His biggest victory so far has been the U. A. W. success at the big Caterpillar plant in Peoria, Illinois. But Farm Equipment won at the Harvester McCormick works in Chicago and a number of other places. F. E. has been hurt, and will probably have its charter lifted at the national C. I. O. convention, but it is still able to function.

Reuther and his vice-president in charge of agricultural-implement workers, John Livingston, point out that farm-machinery and automobile plants have much in common. And because the farm-equipment employers deal with so many unions they can "play one union off against another." International Harvester, for instance, bargains with 22 international unions and 200 local unions. Furthermore, wage scales in comparable job classifications, according to the U. A. W., are 10 to 15 cents an hour higher in automobile works than in farm-equipment plants. Absorption of the agricultural plants into a separate U. A. W.-C. I. O. department would

enable the U. A. W. to raise wages and work standards for all farm-equipment workers up to automobile levels. But so far as the Farm-Equipment Union is concerned, its opposition to unity is now based on ideological reasons; it doesn't want to play second string in the hated Reuther orchestra.

Ideological conflict is the root of jurisdictional strife between the Automobile Workers and the C. I. O. electrical union, between John Green's shipyard workers and the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Union (C. I. O.), and between many others. With the enactment of the Taft-Hartley law party-line unions were in a difficult spot. Without an election they could not get a union shop, and many employers were refusing even to bargain with them until they signed non-Communist affidavits. As a result, whenever another union filed for a Labor Board election the Communist-dominated unions could only counsel their members to vote for "no union." Such strategy, however, usually had bad results. In the Caterpillar election in Peoria, Farm Equipment told its members to vote for no union, only to lose the plant eventually to the Automobile Workers. The same thing has happened in dozens of other places. Even when fairly loyal to their leaders, unionists who face the prospect of no collective bargaining and no union shop are open to persuasion to shift affiliation.

It is obvious that sometimes fights between unions mean progress. A group of 1,300 workers in the Middle West shifted affiliation because in twenty-four years they had not had a financial accounting or a genuine vote on contract issues. This type of jurisdictional dispute is good for labor; it offers militant workers a safety valve. Without it they would be doomed to impotence.

CLEARLY, then, any inter-union machinery to resolve disputes must first of all take into account the wishes of the workers involved. This may or may not run parallel to the jurisdictional lines assigned by A. F. of L. or C. I. O. charters, but such lines are arbitrary and power-influenced anyway.

Some years ago my own local, then in the C. I. O., was involved in a heated conflict with a rival union in the A. F. of L. Teamsters. Both of us were organizing in the food-processing industry, and we were just muddying up the water for each other. Finally Walter Harris, at that time regional director of the C. I. O., called us both in, and we worked out a simple agreement that was eminently fair. Each union agreed to submit its application cards to the other, and the group with the smallest number of signed-up members in any particular plant would withdraw from the field and advise its followers to join the other union. If such an arrangement could be worked out on a national scale, it would go a long way toward solving the present difficulties.

At the moment inter-union machinery to settle juris-

ditional disputes on a formal national basis seems remote. Collaboration among the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., and the independent Railroad Brotherhoods and Machinists—Lewis's miners walk alone—is good in the political field but poor elsewhere. If, however, the trend should change and machinery be set up to resolve strife between competing organizations, three things should be taken into account: (1) The first step should be mediation, with the aim of achieving a voluntary agreement between the parties. (2) If agreement is not reached, a vote of all the workers involved should be taken under impartial union supervision. This decision ought to be mandatory. (3) To put teeth into such machinery, locals refusing to abide by the decision of the employees should have their charter suspended by their parent body. Such a method would be quicker and more effective than the cumbersome red tape of the National Labor Relations Board, which takes about four to eight months to resolve this kind of conflict. Furthermore it would present a united front to management.

Unfortunately, this proposal has one big drawback: it would scramble the present jurisdictional lines even more than at present. If workers were permitted a quick vote they would choose the most democratic and the most economically powerful unions, regardless of the jurisdiction assigned by the A. F. of L. or C. I. O. charters. For instance, quite a few steel or textile or electrical or even retail workers might join the dynamic and democratic U. A. W.-C. I. O. And quite a few workers of all kinds might join the A. F. of L. Teamsters to gain the benefit of the great economic power of this transportation union. On the other hand, to permit jurisdictional disputes to be resolved on the basis of mere charter claims would be worse than useless; in thousands of cases it would run contrary to the wishes of the employees.

In the long run, therefore, the problem of jurisdiction will be worked out not by devising new machinery but through a philosophical reorientation of labor as a whole. The solution will be a by-product of such a process. Greater democracy, greater involvement of the rank and file, and greater union centralization are inevitable if labor is to play an independent—and significant—role in politics, and if it is to defend itself in the economic field. Industry is far more "unionized" than unions are. Its heads consult with one another about wage and other policies. Labor's disorganization has been a real handicap; sooner or later there must be not only unity of A. F. of L., C. I. O., and independents but a central, although democratic, directing force that will coordinate the fight for better pay, national equalization of wage scales, and the achievement of full security. In the course of such basic changes jurisdictional disputes will vanish. At the moment, however, many such disputes are necessary and progressive, and those that are not cannot be eliminated by any schematic approach.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Essays and Asides

THE HAPPY POET

BY MARK VAN DOREN

THE happy poet is like the courageous man whom Socrates defined: he knows what to fear and what not to fear from the critic who will tell him what he should have written. Or written about, for the subject is the thing; and in our time the subject is the time. The poet is supposed to have a relation to his time beyond the relation which consists of having been born in it like all other living men. A conscious, cultivated relation which it is the chief business of his poems to express—that is what the critic looks for, and so seldom likes. For he also is having his relation, his love affair, with the age; and if last year he thought it was one thing that made the contemporary world go round, this year he has changed his mind; it is another thing, and the poet seems not to have heard of it yet. So the poet is asked, not too politely, to take a seat in the learner's row; or he is told right out that he will never do at all and might as well die now. As an artist he is already six months dead, and that in the modern calendar is as near eternity as man will get.

The happy poet is the one who knows how much of this is nonsense. Not all of it is. The poet, as a poet, who is not alive now will never be alive. But what is being alive, and how much can we afford to worry about it? The happy poet does not worry any more. For one thing he has stopped reading criticism; and for another he has bravely decided what is nonsense and what is not nonsense with respect to the duty of being up to date. It has ceased in fact to be a duty; he has learned to like being alive, not only in his own time but in time itself, of which he now is master as only poets can be masters of man's worst enemy and best friend. He is able to understand St. Augustine's remark: all times are similar in so far as they are times. And paraphrasing Mr. Eliot, he can say: the good poet is one who knows when to be conscious and when to be unconscious of the world he is told he lives in.

He must be conscious of it when he has to consider its uniqueness, but he had better be unconscious of it when it resembles other worlds, as most of the time it does. Every age is an individual, yet no age can be a pure individual; if one were, there would be nothing to say about it, even for critics. The critics who discuss our age betray by doing so their belief that it bears some resemblance to its older brothers, not to speak of brothers still unborn. They use language, and language cannot cope with the unique. The poet's language seems to—we say he makes individuals, and teaches them to talk—but seems is the word. Hamlet is himself; he is also a man; he is a man of his time; and he is a man of our time. The poet who made him was a happy poet, free both in and of his world. The historians who call him Elizabethan cannot explain why he is more intelligible than the other Elizabethans whom he resembled.

Of course he resembled them; but if he had been identical with them their age would not be now as famous as it is. It is famous because it produced this poet who above all other poets comprehended what it means to live in time as well as in a time. It means, for instance, that one remembers—or by coincidence recalls—things thought and uttered long ago. "My lord, I will use them according to their desert." "God's bodykins, man, better. Use every man after his desert, and who should escape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." That is Elizabethan, but better yet, it is true. It was true when Socrates and Christ said it, and it is true now when a few statesmen understand it. Only a few, but it only takes a few.

The criticism that scares readers away from poetry is the sort of criticism

that would call this commonplace. And besides, it is in a play, and the play is about people. Poets today are not supposed to know about people,

and to prove that they do by writing stories. Poets now are lyric poets—if even lyric, for music in words is suspect. The happy poet, lyric if he likes, is also free to be epic and dramatic; and free not to write as if the people of his time were like no other people who ever lived—lost generations, and such. Free, too, of the necessity to show by what he writes that he has had the approved experiences, of love and of hate, with the spirit of our age. What is the spirit of our age, and how nervous should the poet be lest he leave some echo of it out of even his best lines? Not nervous at all, the happy poet says. The best lines are best for absurdly ancient reasons; they are musical, and they are true. If this is trite, time too is trite. It never gets tired of changing and not changing, of resembling and differing from itself. Or of deciding—the old impostor—what is true.

Mr. O'Hara's Panorama

A RAGE TO LIVE. By John O'Hara. Random House. \$3.75.

MR. O'HARA has labored to construct a panoramic novel and a personal history—a scathing, hard-boiled study of the corrupt local aristocracy of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania (thinly disguised as Fort Penn) from 1890 to 1920 and a full-length portrait of Grace Caldwell Tate, daughter of that aristocracy. A long novel, crowded with furniture, automobiles, clothes, politics, manners. Yet despite Clifton Fadiman's praise—he knows "of no finer presentation in recent fiction of the culture of the rich Americans of our medium-sized towns"—one can learn more about this culture, and with pictures, too, skimming the files of the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the old *Review of Reviews*. When Mr. O'Hara imposes characters and a plot on his laborious

collection of facts, he merely blurs the facts; and the facts, as he uses them, never give the characters life or the action meaning.

Three pages naming the mourners at the funeral of a local nabob, two and one-half pages listing the presents at a wedding, sympathetically humorous details of the prostatic difficulties of the older male characters—these items are supposed to establish the reality of the action. To such lists Mr. O'Hara brings a commonplace perception—his highest wisdom seems to be that time does, indeed, bring many changes. He formulates statements of what his characters, in the course of inevitable cliché, may be expected to be thinking or feeling at a given moment. Usually they think about the bed or of how to turn a neat deal, legitimate preoccupations, but they never do *feel*, and at the end of 590 monumentally detailed pages no character has come to life. We know more about the circumstances of Grace Caldwell's existence than we know about Sister Carrie or Emma Bovary, but she remains one of those heroines whose behavior we must take on faith; and she belongs with the Ambers and Duchess Hotspurs of the last ten years, women driven from bed to bed, their creators assert, by some Bergsonian *élan*, some "rage to live."

There is a real failure of writing here. Mr. O'Hara assumes that carefully arranged lists create irony, that simple declarative assertions about characters provide an adequate exploration of the moral dilemmas he so ingeniously contrives for them. Every time he invents a moderately complex situation he has recourse to conversations as they might be recorded on the dictaphone, to oversimplified and sentimental passages of introspection, or to socio-historical surveys in the manner of the Lynds. There is no "slice of life" here, because there is no vitality, only characters propelled through statistics. These are the lees of naturalism souring into sentimentality.

For when one asks, what, seriously, this all adds up to, this hard-boiled fiction turns out to have a heart of gold. The gilt cesspools Mr. O'Hara describes with such facile irony have in the end a familiar charm for him, simply because he is their historian. As a result, in addition to being pretentious and dull, "A

Rage to Live" is a kind of backhanded praise of the culture its author professes to excoriate.

ERNEST JONES

The Witches of Salem

THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS.

By Marion L. Starkey. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

THE hysterical babblings of two nasty little Puritan maids started the whole horrid business. These precocious gossips, the spiritual ancestors of Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, and J. B. Matthews, were Betty, the nine-year-old daughter of the Reverend Samuel Parris, and her eleven-year-old cousin Abigail, both of whom lived in the Parris parsonage in old Salem Village (now Danvers, Massachusetts) in 1692. The Reverend Mr. Parris had two Negro slaves from Barbados, the ancient Tituba and her husband the shiftless John Indian. As a relief from her heavy household chores Tituba went in for the voodooism of her West Indian days, and by the spring of 1692 had the two brats and a number of teenagers in the neighborhood thoroughly versed in the dark ways of witchcraft. Before they were through, the bemused children had been instrumental in the hanging of twenty "witches and wizards," and a bewitched dog as well, though Miss Starkey doesn't mention the dog, and bringing about what Brooks Adams described as the "emancipation of Massachusetts" from the death grip of the Mather-led theocracy.

Though the author presents the usual latter-day psychological alibi for the odious conduct of the children—namely, that they were insecure and so on—had not the Reverend Parris and his wife been early converts to what is vaguely called "progressive education" they would have nipped the thing in the bud by talking turkey to Tituba and paddling the two little dears. (Incidentally, the latest recommendations from the child behaviorists favor such tactics.) Instead, they dragged Betsy and Abigail to the local doctor, who promptly decided that such mumbo-jumbo was not in his province and passed the buck to the local theologues. These accepted the assignment with relish. It was a time of troubles in the Bay Colony. The charter had been lifted by the arrogant Andros, and no one knew what luck Increase

Mather, representing the colony in the mother country, would have in bringing back a paper to sustain the theocracy in their special political and social privileges. The rank-and-file uprising against Andros and the first breaching of the walls of the theocratic stronghold by the granting of the "Halfway Covenant," which admitted to the Congregational church those who could not honestly testify to "personal conversion," disturbed the hierarchs, who held with the founders that democracy was the worst thing that could happen to the "Wilderness Zion." Witch-hunting had been a good old English institution for centuries. Perhaps an all-out American witch hunt would check the dangerous thinking of the "democraticall" faction and bring to the harried hierarchs some much-needed favorable publicity.

Adoring the attention it brought them, the two girls from the parsonage put on their bedeviled act with what the author describes as a "Dionysiac frenzy" before a tense audience of distinguished clerics and ended by accusing the wretched Tituba of introducing them to the devil. Then two more unfortunates were added to the list of suspects, and the three women were dragged off to Boston, where one died in jail and the other two—Tituba, who was finally released, and the sturdy Martha Cory, the farm woman and church attendant who laughed with scorn at the whole proceeding—were put on show for the benefit of the gaping town. Martha was hanged and her husband pressed to death in an open field by heaping rocks on his chest.

Other towns than Salem were affected by the wave of hysteria which swept up even to the person of the wife of Governor Sir William Phips, the Maine-born carpenter who had been knighted for services against the French in Canada. Phips had gone along with the theocracy at the start, but by the time the Reverend George Burroughs, who once preached at Salem Village, had been hanged for denying that there was any such thing as witchcraft, the Governor, returning from a northern expedition, found that more than 150 victims of malicious small-town gossip were in jail, awaiting hanging. Two reputable merchants, Robert Calef and Thomas Brattle, founder of the dissident Brattle Street Church, were in hot opposition

to the Mathers; rank-and-file sentiment was becoming articulate against the witch-hunters. In the spring of 1693 the Governor, unlike his latter-day successor, the notorious Fuller of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, issued a general pardon, and there was "such a jail delivery as had never been known in New England."

Miss Starkey, a New Englander with Mayflower antecedents, dug up some new material to add to the mass already accumulated on the degeneracy of the Puritan concept. She gives her book the New Look by references to the early Freudian studies of hysteria, though a number of writers from Hawthorne to Adams had shown pretty clearly without any analytic trappings what ailed both the girl squealers and the adult heretic hunters. Indeed, the common-sense attitude of poor Martha Cory and the brave Burroughs during their horrible ordeals convinced a large cross-section of New Englanders that the devil was more in the hunters than the hunted. In her lively style the author describes the public recantation of the chief prosecutors.

In this time of the prevalence of witch-hunters the book should serve as a horrible warning, but it won't be read by those who most need warning—that is, unless it should have the good luck to be suppressed in Boston.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

One More Poll

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOCIAL CLASSES. By Richard Centers. Princeton University Press. \$3.50.

PUBLIC-opinion polls received a severe setback from the last election. A few more studies like the one reported in this book might be enough to discredit them completely. That would be unfortunate because, properly handled, public-opinion research can contribute a great deal to knowledge of human attitudes and behavior.

Most experts in the field have long realized that the two things most likely to destroy confidence in their work are the use of loaded questions and biased interpretation of results. It seems to me that Mr. Centers is guilty of both. Moreover, his sample, consisting of only about 1,100 persons, was entirely insufficient to justify the pretentiousness of his title. A sample of that size is barely

large enough to test public reaction on a national scale to a simple question on which opinion is divided with some sharpness. It does not permit satisfactory breakdowns by income, occupation, education, region, age, and other characteristics which should obviously be cross-tabulated in a serious study of such a complicated subject as social classes. And Mr. Centers's reasons for confining his interviews to white males are far from satisfactory.

One finding is of some interest: an earlier *Fortune* survey reported that 79 per cent of the people of the United States identify themselves with the middle class when asked to choose among upper, middle, and lower; Mr. Centers added *working class* as a fourth choice, and found that 51 per cent of the respondents put themselves in that group. But an example of the weakness of both the study and the author's presentation is his statement that some professional people said they belonged to the working class; from this he concludes that such individuals are aligned with the working class by sympathy and interest despite their occupation. Since all the

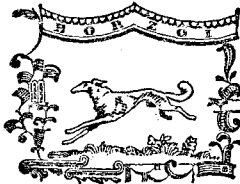
important tables in the book are based on classifications which the respondents gave themselves, and since there are no detailed cross-tabulations to show the income, occupation, and other characteristics of respondents in each class, the results have very little sociological value.

On the basis of their answers to six questions, Mr. Centers divides the respondents into five groups—ultra-conservative, conservative, indeterminate, radical, and ultra-radical. Two of these six questions are as follows:

In strikes and disputes between working people and employers do you usually side with the workers or with the employers?

Would you agree that everybody would be happier, more secure, and more prosperous if the working people were given more power and influence in government, or would you say that we would all be better off if the working people had no more power than they have now?

The other four questions ask whether America is a land of opportunity, whether the government should take over and run mines and factories, whether the government's most impor-



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tant job is to provide opportunity or security, and whether working people are usually fairly treated by their employers.

If you take the non-conservative side on four of the six questions, Mr. Centers puts you down as a radical, and five non-conservative answers make you ultra-radical. It would be nice to think that he is using "radical" in its generic sense of going to the root of the matter. But his comments do not permit such a charitable interpretation, and he is certainly no radical in any sense.

Considering the nature of the sample and the questions, it is perhaps not surprising to find the following statement as one of the author's major conclusions: "Americans have become class conscious, and a part of them, calling themselves the working class, have begun to have attitudes and beliefs at variance with traditional acceptances and practices." This statement may or may not be true, but "The Psychology of Social Classes" does not contribute much toward proving or disproving it.

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A New Creature

AMERICA AND COSMIC MAN. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Doubleday and Company. \$2.75.

THERE exists no more convincing refutation of the chorus of Ecclesiastes than man's persistent search for political certitude. In our private lives most of us are amiably resigned to ignorance and unhappiness. Without whimpering we accept the uncertainties of the complex of love, labor, and death which constitutes our personal future. But we work with hammer and tongs to discern the future of Poland, the Republican Party, or art, and we spend long, hot hours in discussing solutions to the Russian problem. We would have for our fellows what we have renounced for ourselves, and it does not occur to us that their plight may be similar, and that in public as in private affairs there is no solution.

However, granted the ruthless altruism of our questioning, it is just as well that we have a veteran answer man like D. B. Wyndham Lewis around to satisfy our curiosity by, unwittingly, indicating its absurdity. In the past Mr. Lewis, with cheerful approval for his subjects, has explained the historical function and logical necessity of Italian Fascism, Adolf Hitler, time, art, and Western man. In his present book, "America and Cosmic Man," he is concerned with the meaning of the atom bomb. The bomb, Mr. Lewis argues, has ended the age of Western man. The rivalries of class and race which expressed themselves in national sovereignty are now incompatible with survival. Accordingly, the logic of events will produce a new creature, cosmic or cosmopolitan man—a rootless, happy-go-lucky proposition, free from the cares of class consciousness and race prejudice, generally friendly but devoid of narrow insular preferences, and, best of all, a subscriber to world government.

In the creation of this "perfectly eclectic, non-national, internationally minded creature whose blood is drawn—more or less—from all corners of the earth with no more geographical or cultural roots than a chameleon," America has a particular, portentous destiny. "The destiny of America is to

be the great big promiscuous grave into which tumble and there disintegrate all that was formerly race, class, or nationhood." In fact, the American is already an inchoate edition of Mr. Lewis's cosmic man. The Americans have dissolved race in citizenship, they have no roots, their sectional differences are quite trivial, their pocketbooks are bulging, their manners are easy, and even their political disagreements, once symbolized by the beautiful polarity of Hamilton and Jefferson, have been harmonized by the party system with its appetite for the incongruous, and the Presidency, "the pinnacle of power in the state installed as a lightning conductor to protect the whole constitutional edifice of power against the storms of discontent." Since America's destiny is established, all that remains is to spread the good news before another atom war. Mr. Lewis candidly doubts that such rapid propagation is possible, but since, so Mr. Lewis says, 50 per cent of the population will survive an atom war, it is safe to conclude that "the end of the era of great wars is already clearly in sight."

Such clairvoyance is indeed admirable, but an examination of Mr. Lewis's spectacles suggests some distortion of the allegedly seen image. For Mr. Lewis uses only intuition to arrive at his conclusions, and what he says carries only the dubious persuasion of his own asseveration. When he does attempt historical analysis, Mr. Lewis is painfully inaccurate, as for instance when he states that American bankers sponsored the Federal Reserve System, and when he holds that the Founding Fathers gave no power to the House of Representatives. For the most part, however, he avoids such pitfalls by wilfully disdaining the facts. Thus in his treatment of F. D. R. Mr. Lewis does not mention a single piece of New Deal legislation. To be sure, he does at times attempt to bulwark his generalizations with historical comparisons. But to learn that but for the United States Great Britain would have a regime "like that obtaining in Hungary prior to World War I" or that Hamilton played Napoleon to Jefferson's Mirabeau is as unenlightening as it is startling. Finally, Mr. Lewis's logic is dreadful, and his syn-

tax is clumsy. Witness the sentence, "When I met Miller in New York in 1940 (whom I like I should perhaps say) he had just been shipped back from Greece much against his will—a new 'region' he had discovered with a rapture that was literally timeless." Indeed, except for a few lucky hits and bright sayings Mr. Lewis at no time emerges from the nonsense world.

It may well be felt that no one as consistently silly as Mr. Lewis could be quite serious. As a matter of fact, Lewis is reputed to be a very funny man. And recently some visiting Englishmen have been passing off the irresponsibilities of their compatriots as a huge joke on the touchy Americans. But it should be noted, first, that they have gone a long way for a little laughter, and, second, that humor like game has its preserves. There are some things so pitiable that to scoff at them is inhuman.

JOSEPH KRAFT

Acknowledging a Classic

JAPANESE PRINTS, BUNCHO TO UTAMARO, IN THE COLLECTION OF LOUIS V. LEDOUX.

Twenty plates in full color, thirty-nine in half-tone. W. Weyhe, New York. \$25.

NOT always are a man's good works interred with his bones. And this excellent book on Japanese prints serves to remind us of how much Louis V. Ledoux did to advance American taste. Ledoux graduated from Columbia in 1902. He wrote poetry himself and was interested in poets. In these years he met Edwin Arlington Robinson, whom he helped past many an economic reef; he aided other emerging poets as well by quietly furnishing funds to support the Woodberry Prize, awarded annually to the best undergraduate poetry at Columbia. But it was not until 1916 that he at last found the channel leading to the preeminent interest of his life, for it was then that he first became excited about Japanese prints. Eventually he skimmed the cream throughout the world to form a collection that was never allowed to exceed 250 in number. He was constantly weeding and improving it until at his death in 1948 it had few if any equals.

But this collector exercised his vigilance not merely for his own pleasure. Mr. Ledoux saw himself as but a temporary custodian of these treasures, and he sought to communicate his pleasure to others by putting into permanent book form the results of his thirty years of collecting. The present book, which he saw through many of the color-printings, stands easily as the major accomplishment in the whole series he had projected and almost completed. In its fifty-nine prints—no fewer than twenty of them are in color—it incorporates the real peaks in the most mature period of these images from the popular life. Here is Buncho (1725-94), the actor-delinquent with his winks of caricature; Shigemasa (1739-1820), who as a transition man still bordered upon the fashion-plate though he sometimes quit such kimono designs for more emotional patterns; Korusai (working c. 1766-88), who could lapse into gorgeousness when he was not being delicate in his fans; and Shunko (1743-1812). Stronger yet was Kiyonaga (1752-1814), he of the Olympian ladies and the almost Whistlerian balcony scenes. Shunko (c. 1730-95), who follows, apparently supervised his blocks, so impeccable was the printing. And Shunman (1757-1820) praised a river with a swirling line.

Then, like an impresario saving the best for the last, the compiler presents Utamaro (1753-1806), that imperishable artist who long ago kindled the De Goncourts. Utamaro literally saw the world in silver; dipped his prints as it were into mica; crossed new sentiments of love and exile in his fluent drawing, and imparted to certain works, as in the *Three Geisha Girls* (No. 42), such a mingling of corn yellow, filmy green, and stainless rose as might have come from successive applications of colored frost upon a window-pane—or again, as in the print of a middle-aged woman reading a letter (No. 49), achieved that same wonder of delicately unfolding color that one used to see in the little Japanese seeds one dropped into a glass of water and watched open up into minute tintings and tracteries suggesting some exotic garden in the Orient.

Twice only do the colors seem assertive in the plates. For the rest they sparkle with much of the glow of the originals. Here, indeed, may be found the glint and glamour of the Japanese print—and the record of a popular artistic aspect of a civilization often suspected of lacking it. Mr. Ledoux has combined a thoughtful text with superlative reproductions. He has achieved a classic, and it should remind men of the indestructibility of good work.

JEROME MELLQUIST

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Study of Mexico

RURAL MEXICO. By Nathan L. Whetten. The University of Chicago Press. \$10.

SOCIOLOGICAL studies of Mexico have tended to deal with one place, one problem, or perhaps one attitude. This is largely because the country, though not large, is broken geographically and culturally into small groups traditionally isolated; statistics are incomplete and not easily supplemented. These studies have their uses, and the value for instance, of Elsie Clews Parsons's "Mitla" or Manuel Gamio's "Teotihuacan" lies precisely in their particularity. E. N. Simpson's "The Ejido: Mexico's Way Out" deals in a parallel way with a particular moment and a particular solution. But there is need, nevertheless, for more general studies.

Mr. Whetten's report on Mexican life goes farther than previous books toward filling the need, and it has other virtues. The author was born in Mexico and thus avoids the incomprehension of the stranger; and he returned to Mexico with more than enthusiasm. His report is based not only on wide observation in the years 1942-45 but on all the publications and statistics available; the bibliography is in itself invaluable. Much of the material from the censuses of 1939 and 1940 has never been worked with before. To generalizations from such sources the author adds detailed accounts, based his own observation of particular units, such as the Cultural Mission of San Pablo del Monte, or Villa Kino, a Sinarquista agricul-

tural colony—a particularly satisfactory method.

Since the author's attitude is notably impartial, his treatment of the church and its recent regeneration and of the role of handicrafts in the national economy seems rather more dependable than other writing on these subjects. A chapter like that on the Sinarquista movement actually needs no argument: it is enough to state the record in its context. Nor can one argue with the focus of the study: Mexico is rural Mexico, and even to casual observation there is something unconvincing about the capital—where roosters crow from the roofs of office buildings. One might wish, however, that Mr. Whetten had pushed beyond his title to ask what part of Mexico's future should be agricultural.

The preface by Manuel Gamio throws this into relief by repeating that Mexico's two great problems are those of land distribution and use, and of a population racially heterogeneous. It is possible to counter that Mexico's problems have not been solved because they have not been rightly stated: that all of Latin America must free itself from the notion that providing local land for each community's corn and beans will be enough, that they must see rural life as part of a total economic life, just as they must see that the problem of heterogeneity is not racial but economic and social before they can go ahead. Certain lacks in the study bear on this—the omission of the terms "Marketing" or "Distribution" from the index, and especially the omission of any information on labor movements in rural affairs. Even disregarding special situations like that of the workers in hennequin, which is in fact rather an industry than a crop, the number of rural Mexicans who have to do with syndicates—the sugar-workers, the growers of tomatoes or oranges in the north—has some importance. To dismiss this as outside the scope of the work is to overlook a significant tie between rural Mexico and the world, one of the new situations which has meaning for the future.

In the larger sense, this book has the interest and usefulness of any effort to describe and assess a way of life. Mexico is obviously a culture in transition and should remind us that all cultures are in

fact in transition. The basic questions: what does one want for the people, and how are these things to be achieved? are questions that face us all. Mexico has terrific problems; it is easy to criticize and condescend when one looks at rural Mexico, comparing its condition with the productivity and relative security of the North American farm. What is more important is to realize the immense efforts, in a poor country and against great odds, to improve the situation. Much work has been done, and done with considerable understanding and passion, and it is not the least of the virtues of this book that it details, clearly but sympathetically, the record of aims and achievements.

ELIZABETH WILDER

Varieties of Prejudice

AMERICA DIVIDED. Minority Group Relations in the United States. By Arnold and Caroline Rose. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

THIS is not a book about minorities in the United States or about the "minority problem" as such but rather, as the subtitle indicates, about "minority-group relations." In a most systematic and thoroughgoing manner Arnold and Caroline Rose have charted these relations in all their ramifications, intersections, and implications. From the style of exposition and the level of the argument I would assume that the book was primarily intended as a text, although it has of course a larger interest. Certainly nothing is taken for granted, and the obvious is explained and reexplained. The reader is told, for example, that colored peoples resent discrimination against colored peoples and that minority groups "experience great frustration" when they are frustrated. One is reminded of a famous sentence in one of Calvin Coolidge's messages to the Congress. "When thousands of people are out of work," said Mr. Coolidge, "unemployment results." However, in fairness to the authors, it should be noted that their field is one in which very little can safely be taken for granted.

Of particular interest is the chapter on the Psychology of Prejudice, in which the authors summarize present-day theories of prejudice. This is, in-

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deed, a most useful summary and one of the best of its kind which has yet appeared. While the theories of prejudice are diverse and complex, I believe that the Roses are justified in observing that "there is no real opposition among many of the theories; it is just that they have never been successfully integrated." For example, many psychological theories of prejudice are not really in opposition to the economic theories; they simply explain inner psychological mechanisms which are brought into play by social tensions, just as any economic theory must in the last analysis fall back upon psychological insights to account for certain pathological aspects of prejudice.

To understand why the existing social theory is in such a state of confusion, it is necessary to keep in mind two points which the authors properly emphasize—namely, that none of the existing theories are adequately grounded in empirical research, and that the existing empirical studies have been formulated quite independently of the theories. By and large the recent experiments have been concerned not with testing the validity of the existing theories but rather with attempting to work out techniques by which to measure prejudice and to check the effectiveness of measures used to reduce prejudice. Virtually no attempt has yet been made to use modern social-science research techniques to test the existing theories.

The apparent conflict in the existing theories largely arises from a failure to break down the theoretical problem into its component elements. For example, any theory of prejudice to be at all adequate must be able to isolate the dynamic factors which alone account for the rise and fall, the peaks and valleys, of prejudice. In order to do this, the theorist must distinguish between prime causes and incidental factors. That most race riots have occurred during periods of intense midsummer heat does not mean, of course, that intense heat is a cause of conflict, although it may be a factor. In this sense, most of the psychological theories are lacking on the score of dynamics; they describe consequences, not causes. Similarly the "symbolic" theories, with which the authors are particularly impressed, are essentially static, that is, merely descriptive. To argue that anti-Semitism is based on a fear

and hatred of urbanism and capitalism is like saying that peptic ulcer is a disease of industrial societies. The statement happens to be true, as description, as observation, but it throws little light on the real question—namely, what is it about industrial societies that makes for a striking concentration of individuals afflicted with peptic ulcers. The failure of the authors to be concerned with the dynamic factors in prejudice accounts for their preoccupation with psychological and symbolic theories and for their inadequate summary of what the "economic determinists" have had to say about the causes of prejudice. Nowadays, of course, it is deemed a sufficient answer to any theory merely to say that it has been formulated by "economic determinists, especially Marxists."

The outstanding merit of this book consists in its thorough, patient, systematic elaboration of the factors which shape minority-group relations. The chapters are well organized, the exposition is crystal clear, and each point is fully developed. The authors define their terms with great precision and use these terms with remarkable consistency. In a field in which misunderstanding is endemic they have wisely taken every precaution to make their meaning clear, even to the point of closing each chapter with a "summary and interpretation." Unlike most books in the field, this one contains some highly interesting sections dealing with the mounting tension between religious groups. There has long been a need for a comprehensive study of minority-group relations, and this book more adequately meets it than any study yet issued. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Books in Brief

THE JUNGLE IS NEUTRAL. By F. Spencer Chapman. Norton. \$3.75. The story of a British scholar and explorer who volunteered to work behind the Japanese lines in Malaya. For three years Major Chapman led a life of almost incredible hardship and constant danger, raiding enemy posts, training guerrilla bands of Chinese Communists, and observing with the eye of a scientist the wild life of the jungle, both animal and human. Well-written and filled with fascinating information and exciting ad-

ventures, this is one of the better books to come out of the war.

THE EAGLE IN THE EGG. By Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50. The history of the Air Transport Command—its expansion almost overnight to cover all parts of the earth and its important share in winning the war—makes an extraordinary story of organization and achievement which Oliver La Farge, its official historian, tells vividly, candidly, and well.

CONSTRUCTIVE USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY. Edited by S. C. Rothmann. Harper. \$3. Fourteen authoritative articles on the use of atomic energy in industry, medicine, and other non-military fields. A book for reference and study rather than for general reading.

WELLS FARGO. By Edward Hungerford. Random House. \$3.75. The story of one of America's most picturesque business enterprises. Pedestrian in style but with interesting information on the pony express, the development of stagecoach lines, and other related aspects of Western history.

THE LAW OF LOVE AND THE LAW OF VIOLENCE. By Leo Tolstoy. Rudolph Field. \$3. This book, written in Tolstoy's last years, has been translated from the French, never having appeared in Russian. It adds little to our knowledge of his thought. There is something wistful and depressing, at this date, in this survey of human mismanagement, with its doctrinaire plea for a return to the spirit of early Christianity and its advocacy of non-resistance. Both as polemic and apocalyptic utterance it sounds strangely remote.

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EXPLORER OF THE HUMAN BRAIN. By Dorothy F. Cannon. Schurman. \$4. A popular biography of Santiago Ramón y Cajal, the Spanish anatomist who revolutionized the theory of the structure and mechanism of the nervous system. An interesting study, somewhat overweighted on the personal and anecdotal side, of the achievements of a vital personality against great odds.

THE WISE ONE. By Frank Conibear and J. L. Blundell. Sloane. \$2.75. If you can stomach animal stories told in semi-human terms you will find much interesting nature lore in this biography of a beaver from its birth to the sad day when "the trapper went his way, bearing the outworn body of the Big Black Beaver, while the brave spirit whose vehicle it had been returned whence it came."

BUILDING A CHARACTER. By Constantin Stanislavski. Theater Arts Books. \$3.50. In this posthumous sequel to "An Actor Prepares" the founder of the Moscow Art Theater illuminates the actor's art and particularly the techniques for the creation of character. Indispensable for the actor, stimulating for the layman. To read it is to understand Stanislavski's preeminence as a director.

CONTRIBUTORS

MARK VAN DOREN is well known as both poet and critic. His latest book of poetry is "The Careless Clock" and of criticism "Nathaniel Hawthorne." In *The Nation* of June 11 he wrote on The Happy Critic.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

What Is Understanding?

Dear Sirs: I was an ardent reader of your magazine for years and perhaps deserve some consideration as an old friend. Your articles on the Catholic church are full of errors. You do not have your music criticism done by someone who stays away from concerts or your books reviewed by someone who hasn't read them. Why have a non-Catholic criticize the church? I doubt very much whether anyone could come to understand the church and yet fail to join it. ESTHER ANDERSON
Edgerton, Minn., August 23.

Doctors' Liberties and Doctors' Obligations

[We print herewith three further comments on the letter by Dr. Frederick P. Bornstein which appeared in *The Nation* of August 13. These three letters, together with that by Richard Sears which was printed last week, provide a representative sample of correspondence received concerning Dr. Bornstein's argument that "state medicine" would prevent physicians from enjoying certain of their "civil liberties."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: Dr. Bornstein raises a question that has been for some time bothering me deeply, for in the past year or so I have felt a growing strain between my liberalism, really my radicalism, and my belief in the welfare state. It has seemed to me often that my fellow-enthusiasts of the left have forgotten why we are opposed to poverty, ill health, and all the other barriers to men's happiness: we have gone from the proposition that such-and-such is bad in itself to the false assumption that its removal is good in itself, no matter how it is removed or who does the removing. I doubt, for instance, whether many readers of *The Nation* have much faith in Congress. We mistrust every law it writes; we resent its investigations of existing agencies. The growing police powers of the federal government fill us with fear, for we trust the executive branch no more than the legislative. None the less, we beseech this Congress to set up executive agencies that will reach into every last facet of our life. Much of what has happened already should make us wonder if the Truman

Administration should be intrusted with any more powers.

For example, the federal government is already active in the field of health in a big way, through the granting of funds for research and training. Although this is not specifically required by law, only persons testifying to their loyalty can be recipients of federal funds to pursue the study of psychiatry or dentistry, neither of which is in quite the same category as atomic energy. It does not take a wild-eyed alarmist to see such strictures applied to physicians. It is said that the people of Britain have a real faith in the devotion to law and civil liberties of their rulers, both Parliament and Cabinet. How many readers of *The Nation* have any faith in the basic decency of our rulers? Even without going into the subject of the meaning of the New and Fair Deals, one has only to watch Congress from day to day, or follow the current stories on 5 percenters, to be worried about the nature of our government.

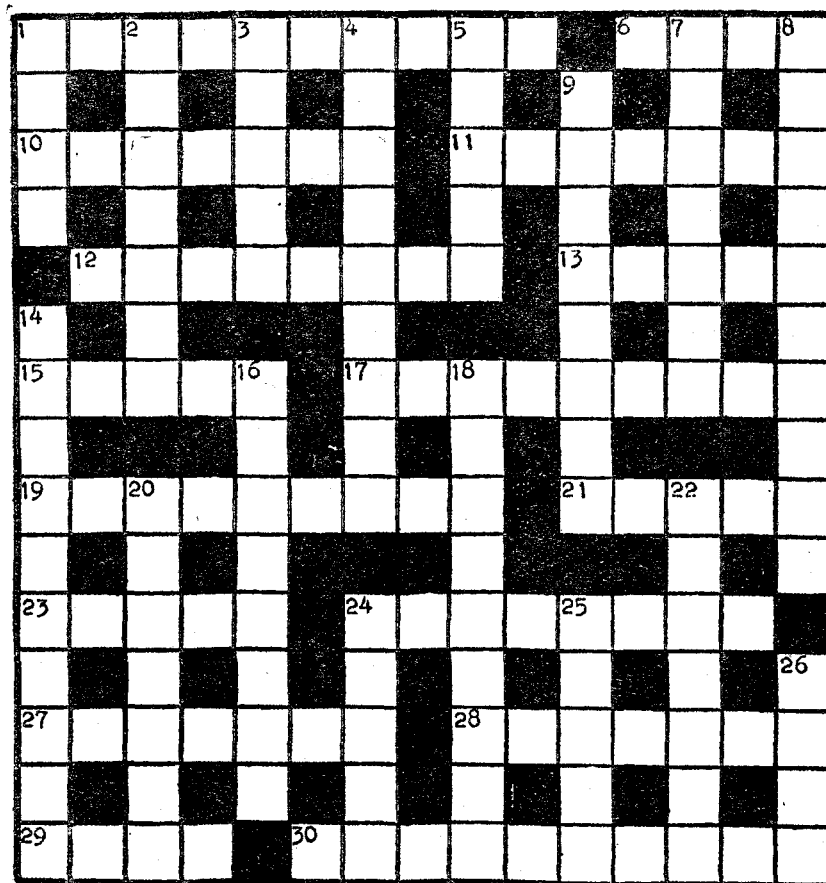
To skip rather abruptly to another aspect of this problem, it is noticeable that advocates of the welfare state do not seem convinced of man's responsibility. In fact, they seem to think man irresponsible, and their plans for him smack of paternalism. I am beginning to doubt that the welfare state is a particularly liberal concept.

By no means irrelevantly I would like to point out that Governor Thomas E. Dewey, a prominent layman with control over an impressive medical set-up, is an enthusiastic convert to the doctrine of lobotomy: there will be a big expansion in this in New York, for it makes mental patients easier to care for. Perhaps this development is the epitome of the welfare state. In New York State alone how many thousands are enjoying peace on earth through this simple blessing? I would rather this Congress stopped legislating and went home. WARREN MORSE
Washington, August 13

Dear Sirs: I think there is just one way to answer the objections of Dr. Bornstein to the idea of organizing the medical profession for the public welfare. Questions of civil liberties, of compulsion, and of mechanical considerations only serve to confuse the issue of whether or not we are ever to have an

Crossword Puzzle No. 325

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



integrated system of healing for all human beings. What is involved is our whole concept of human endeavor.

The practice of medicine would seem to require above all a scientific curiosity, a sense of social obligation, and a realization that health is not a commodity to be peddled in the open market. That is simply what being a physician means. Without a certain amount of dedication to the ideal of alleviating human suffering, a young person would do far better to devote his energy to a different occupation—that of a merchant or a manufacturer or an entrepreneur of some sort—where the rewards are bound to be greater in proportion to the physical and spiritual effort required.

Teachers, ministers of religion, and diplomatic representatives are assigned where the need for their services is greatest. Why should not doctors be directed to a community where people need healing? It is hard to believe that a physician who sustained a scientific or humanitarian interest through years of training could be suddenly indifferent to science and humanity.

It is the exceptional man or woman who by virtue of some innate detachment successfully meets the challenge of scientific objectivity. Perhaps, after all, that is the fundamental error of our civilization—the failure to imbue our children with an ideal of service and the ambition to make some contribution to the stream of human consciousness, rather than a desire to extract the maximum reward from life.

JANET DEMAREST

Marlboro, N. J., August 17.

Dear Sirs: I agree with Dr. Bornstein that no one should be compelled to live and work in a place not his own choosing. But if the doctor did some investigating among his patients, he would find that many of them are living where they have no desire to live and compelled to work at occupations they have no desire to follow. Some of his patients may be ill for no other reason than that they are compelled to live and work in a locality which they do not like. The doctor does not seem much disturbed by the plight of such people; yet they are as unhappy as he thinks he would be if he were to be ordered around by a layman whom he infers to be an inferior.

If the doctor were a member of one minority living here in America, a minority which is told where it must live, denied the right to enter certain occupations or professions, in many in-

ACROSS

- 1 Their attitude certainly wasn't cavalier! (10)
- 6 Native who might say "I'm the confused type!" (4)
- 10 and 27 Do such runners seek to achieve the pinnacle? (14)
- 11 Stretches of the furthest bourne. (7)
- 12 and 5 Frankfort bowler? (8, 5)
- 13 The measure of the beginning of literature. (5)
- 15 Parasites have large numbers! (5)
- 17 Cross breed? (5, 4)
- 19 Evidently not the upper plate. (3, 6)
- 21 How deck-hands are laid out. (5)
- 23 Silver-tongued orator? (5)
- 24 and 28 They pay, but not the rest. (3, 5, 3, 4)
- 27 See 10.
- 28 See 24.
- 29 The ways of a crab? (4)
- 30 Novel, perhaps, but sounds like a first-class liquor cache. (4, 6)

DOWN

- 1 Sign of the most quiet bars. (4)
- 2 N. G. (7)
- 3 There's invariably a line running alongside. (5)
- 4 Took advantage of the right to be conditioned. (9)

- 5 See 12.
- 7 The leader who was something I remember around a 5. (7)
- 8 Rebels by using rents. (10)
- 9 Such bets are placed under average conditions. (8)
- 14 Line-crossing turtles. (10)
- 16 More peculiar form of "auslander." (8)
- 18 Waitiet? (3, 2, 4)
- 20 Steinbeck's bus. (7)
- 22 Everything about the cohort's head is likely to stagger him. (7)
- 24 Desert. (5)
- 25 Stay with the Senator from Mass. (5)
- 26 Were placed in stir, or the jug. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 324

ACROSS:—1 EMBEDDED; 5 and 11 UNITED NATIONS; 10 UPLIFTS; 12 SUSIE; 13 MOONSTONE; 14 and 6 FALSE NOTES; 16 NORMALLY; 19 TWITTING; 22 TURIN; 24 and 26 QUOTATION MARKS; 28 ICE-FLOE; 29 ROTIFER; 30 SAYING; 31 BLACK EYE.

DOWN:—1 EMULSIFY; 3 DIFFERENT; 4 EASTMAN; 7 and 2 TWO-DOLLAR BILLS; 8 DASHIER; 9 INDOOR; 15 LOW COMEDY; 17 and 27 AUTOMATIC RIFLE; 18 ON A SPREE; 20 IBIDEM; 21 GENERAL; 23 EQUIPS; 25 ALLEN.

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stances denied the right to vote, and sometimes hanged by a mob without the benefit of a trial by jury, he would have the right to complain about being denied civil liberties.

WILLIAM A. GARNER

Belding, Mich., August 15

The Pakistan Story

Dear Sirs: I have for some years admired *The Nation* for the warmth and liberality of its views. You can therefore imagine my surprise when I read *Conflict Beyond the Indus*, by Shiva Rao, in your issue of July 16. The article was written with an anti-Pakistan bias and with the deliberate intention of making it appear that the absurd propaganda being indulged in by Afghanistan has some justification.

Mr. Rao has accepted the main plank of the Afghan propaganda, which emphasizes "affinities of race, blood, language, and custom." This leads him to the conclusion that the Durand line * meant nothing to the Afghan tribesmen. Thus the whole historical development resulting in the Durand line as the international boundary between British India and Afghanistan is demolished in a few words.

Mr. Rao also says that "for centuries before the British occupation of India the land between the Oxus and the Indus was Afghan, a compact and homogeneous region." The veiled suggestion is that it should be Afghan now. Putting the clock back three hundred years is a small matter for Mr. Rao, and the interesting fact that Afghanistan itself was in that distant past a province of the Mogul Empire has been quietly slurred over.

Again, your author describes the occasions on which the Afghan government made certain claims to the British government regarding the tribal territory. But he does not record what the reply on every occasion was. The reply would be important unless it were assumed that Afghanistan was free to extend its frontier unilaterally. Any mention of the referendum held in the Northwest Frontier Province on the question of Pakistan and the declarations made in favor of Pakistan by tribal *Jirgas* (Assemblies of Elders) all over the disputed territory has been omitted.

* In Mr. Rao's words, a "line drawn by Britain during the closing years of the last century [which] marked an imaginary boundary between India and Afghanistan and was constantly crossed by the tribes living on either side."

—EDITORS THE NATION.

Furthermore, Mr. Rao has suggested that Pakistan cannot afford the scale of expenditures which the British undertook in that region. This is a brazen assumption with no basis in fact. Pakistan has been spending more than the British did. Even worse, Mr. Rao suggests that "Pakistan found it convenient to exploit tribal poverty and fanaticism in order to divert some of the tribes into Kashmir." Groups from the tribal area did go to Kashmir, but they did so to aid their Kashmir brethren, who had stood up in revolt against the tyranny of the Kashmir Maharajah. But Indian propagandists allege that Pakistan dispatched these tribal groups, and that allegation is now repeated by Mr. Rao in *The Nation*.

Finally, Mr. Rao openly advocates the acceptance of Afghan demands. He employs as an argument the presence of a few British officers in Pakistan's administrative machinery during the period of transition.

My country depends on journals like yours to enlighten American readers on controversial issues relating to distant lands. A piece of writing like Mr. Rao's defeats that purpose by misrepresentation.

U. AHMAD ANSARI,

Press Attaché, Embassy of Pakistan
Washington, D. C., August 16

The Korea Story

Dear Sirs: Andrew Roth contributed a thought-provoking article, *Korea's Impending Explosion*, to your issue of August 13. May I call attention to a conspicuous error in the article which arises out of Mr. Roth's failure to evaluate a situation in its historical context? He refers to Dr. Syngman Rhee's relations with "collaborators." A collaborator, according to public usage of the word, is synonymous with a "quisling"—a native-born citizen of a country who has betrayed his country by association with his country's conquerors during a period of war or national emergency.

Mr. Roth failed to call attention to the fact that Korea was reduced to a protectorate of Japan in 1905 and that in 1910 it was formally annexed to Japan. A Korean bid for independence was ruthlessly crushed in 1919. Korea's pre-war foreign trade was closely linked with that of Japan. The alleged "collaborators" certainly could not then fall within the pattern of definition of the European collaborators or within that of

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the Chinese or other Asiatic collaborators.

Dr. Rhee as duly elected President must unify the country rather than encourage further schisms based upon class distinctions and accusations hurled at those who now assist in the reconstruction of war-torn Korea. Certainly nowhere in the world today is any other country or leader confronted with such terribly complex problems of construction, reconstruction, reorganization, unification, and adjustment.

DAVID Y. NAMKOONG,

Consul General, Republic of Korea

New York, August 18

Another Deportation

Dear Sirs: The latest in the long string of progressive labor leaders to face government deportation action is Mrs. Luisa Moreno Bemis, a veteran of trade-union struggles from Florida to California. Mrs. Bemis, who now lives in San Diego, was formerly vice-president of the C. I. O. Food, Tobacco, and Agricultural Workers' Union. She was born in Guatemala and has lived in the United States since 1928. She resigned from trade-union work in 1947 to devote herself to her family.

A warrant was issued for her deportation by the Immigration Service soon after her appearance under subpoena before the Tenney Un-American Activities Committee. Mrs. Bemis declined to answer the usual Tenney questions on political beliefs. Tenney then openly threatened that her refusal to answer would have an adverse affect on her citizenship application, pending since 1938.

She is being defended in the current action by Robert W. Kenny of Los Angeles, former California attorney general.

A defense committee has been established with headquarters at Room 815, 629 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 14. Contributions will be gratefully received at that office.

IGNACIO LOPEZ, Chairman,

Committee for Luisa Moreno Bemis

Los Angeles, August 19

A Discussion Club

Dear Sirs: I am interested in forming a discussion club composed of readers of *The Nation* and other liberals who are interested in the arts, sciences, politics, and so forth. Would such persons be good enough to get in touch with me at 135 Liberty Street? F. J. OSTROW

New York, August 15

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